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THE SENATE HAS AGAIN done a great service to the country and to our international relations by adding to the Naval Appropriation Bill a rider authorizing the President to call another international disarmament conference in Washington. It was a similar resolution which led to the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, and we hope that President Coolidge will respond to this as Mr. Harding did to the other. Doubtless no move will be made until Mr. Hughes retires; he is believed to be opposed. Such a conference should be able to complete the unfinished work of the Washington conference by outlawing the submarine and, if possible, the bombing airplane, and by putting even more drastic limitations on the building of scout ships, cruisers, airplane carriers, and all other auxiliary vessels than were put upon the battleships. It is a plain business proposition. Our only possible naval enemies are England, France, and Japan. If we can get them to join us in ceasing all naval preparations, we shall eliminate most dangerous rivalries, save untold sums in each of the countries, and go far toward ending war dangers. Why the business men of the country do not see this is beyond our understanding. The Senate resolution does not limit the new conference to naval armaments; it wisely invites consideration of land armaments as well. Here lies perhaps the broadest road to peace and, since the League of Nations is too feeble or too stupid to enter it, so much the more glory lies waiting for us.

THOSE TWENTY-EIGHT REPUBLICANS who supported the minority report on the oil leases in the Senate the other day might as logically have gone out upon the Capitol steps, stood on their heads, and been photographed waving their senatorial legs in the air. This minority report praises the patriotism of Messrs. Denby and Fall, and states that the Doheny and Sinclair leases doubled the efficiency of the navy. Incidentally, that is a false statement for which there is not a single line of justification in the testimony. Senator Spencer, author of the report, was challenged to support his statement, and pitiably pleaded that he could not recall who or where, but was sure someone had said something of the sort. These same Senators who now glorify the oil leases voted last spring to hire special counsel to aid the Government in canceling them; and that Republican counsel has charged in the courts that the leases were unauthorized, illegal, and fraudulent. We wonder whether the twenty-eight had forgotten what they did last spring and what their counsel had declared—or whether they simply hoped that the public had forgotten. The Republicans who refused to stoop to this low partisan white-washing were Senators Borah, Brookhart, Couzens, Frazier, Johnson, Norbeck, and Norris. We honor them. Senators Howell, Ladd, and La Follette were unavoidably absent when the vote was taken.

WHEN SENATOR WHEELER began poking his long accusatory finger into the slime of the Department of Justice, Harry Daugherty conferred with representatives of the Republican National Committee, and sent an agent to Montana to hunt for danger-spots in Wheeler's past. The agent searched, and finally, after consultation with Wheeler's political enemies, he succeeded in having an indictment brought against the too successful reformer. Revelation of the circumstances under which the indictment was brought soon made plain that its inspiration was purely political; and investigation of the charges by a committee of United States Senators brought the report, adopted by the Senate with only five dissenting votes, that Senator Wheeler had "observed at all times not only the letter but the spirit of the law." Senator Wheeler sought an immediate trial—in vain. The case was not called for trial until Senator Wheeler was campaigning in the East last autumn, and then, at his request, was deferred. Now Washington dispatches suggest that Attorney General Stone may bring a new indictment against the Senator, this time in the District of Columbia. The report has excited Senators to the point of holding up confirmation of Mr. Stone's appointment to the Supreme Court. We do not wonder. This action looks more like persecution than prosecution; it demands explanation.

PASSIONATE ORATORY upon the question of the inter-Allied debts is not likely to get us much further in 1925 than it did in the six previous years. The time has passed for passion; the day of Dawes Plan methods is here. Abstract principles of justice get us nowhere; the question is, how much of her debt to us can France pay? The United

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States is not likely to demand that France bleed herself white, but she has a right to expect serious consideration of international obligations. After reading that the new French envoy to Moscow had proclaimed his arrival in a speech insisting that Soviet Russia pay the Czar's debts to France, M. Marin's plea that America balance the dead and wounded of France against her debts rang a little off key. Two things France ought to know by this time, and we hope that Senator Borah's speech shocked France into a realization of them. First, that the money which our Government lent to France was not dug out of a gold mine—it is being repaid to the Government by the American taxpayers today. Second, that America was not threatened by Germany as was France, nor did our Government play such a provocative part in the pre-war machinations of Europe as did Messrs. Poincaré and Delcassé. We entered the war when the Allies' fortunes were at low ebb, and turned the scale; when the war was over we asked no colonial compensations or indemnities. Mutually satisfactory terms can, we have no doubt, be arranged; but oratory will not do it.

THE "THRILLING SPECTACLE," as the dispatches had it, of Mrs. Ferguson, in the presence of a multitude, taking office as Governor of the great State of Texas, is considerably marred by the announcement that her husband, the impeached and discredited ex-Governor, is to be her "partner" and chief adviser while she is in office. That is regrettable not only because of her husband's record, but because it was charged by her opponents all through the campaign that her candidacy was merely a device to put her husband back into the office from which he was legally removed for malfeasance. It is greatly to be hoped that both Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Ross, the new Governor of Wyoming, will do their own thinking and their own acting. They are both pioneers; they will be judged not on their individual achievements alone, but as women. If they fail or are mediocre in their records it will be set down to the discredit of their sex in the illogical and intolerant way men have of judging women in new positions. Mrs. Ferguson, we notice, has followed the example set by most male governors in promising large reductions in taxation and economies. There is a field in which a woman State executive ought to shine. Will she be as hampered and hindered by red tape, legislative indifference, and politics as men governors are?

ANXIOUSLY THE CONSERVATIVE PRESS tries to make it appear that Japan's recognition of Russia involves Russia's surrender of all her claims and pretensions in the Far East. It takes imagination to read this sense into the final outcome of four years of intermittent negotiation. Russia grants Japan rich concessions on Sakhalin, but Japan evacuates the north end of the island which she has held tenaciously since 1918—even wrecking several attempts at agreement on that point. Russia promises to carry on no propaganda in Japan, but Japan's demand for guaranties of good faith was finally withdrawn. Russians hostile to the Soviet Government must leave Japan; which means that some 800 followers of the bandit Semionov will be cast out upon an inhospitable world. Russian prestige is undoubtedly enhanced; her power in the Far East takes on solid outlines; her ministers and consular agents will mingle with those of France and England and the United States in the diplomatic world in China and Japan. All of this is important even if it does not immediately impel our new Secretary of State to follow Japan's example. And it suggests the possibility of a future combination in the East that should make editorial writers hesitate before they set down the present agreement as "negligible" and intended to bolster up a tottering Soviet regime.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT may police its citizens along thorny ways of civic discipline and labor, but in one field it is liberal to the point of extreme individualism. Personal relations are, by law, free. We publish this week in the International Relations Section a projected code bringing together and modifying the various decrees already issued regarding domestic relations. Here is the ultimate lack of compulsion. People may register their marriage or live together as married persons without such formality; they retain their own names unless they deliberately assume a common name, which may be that of either partner; citizenship is not affected by marriage. Property is held jointly whether the marriage is registered or not, but only a disabled man or woman may claim support from the other party to the marriage. Children, however, must be supported; they must be properly and kindly treated; their own individuality must not be invaded—otherwise the state will take them from their parents and provide other guardians. In their behalf the Russian law does lay hands on individual freedom. An unmarried woman who is to bear a child may, wherever it is possible, establish the paternity of the child and secure the father's share in its support; no child is "illegitimate." This law seems to offer some real hope of decent, unimpeded human relations. The family will doubtless take on new shapes, but in a worker's state where men and women share alike in labor and freedom there is no reason to fear slackness or a shirking of normal responsibilities. All who can must work, and the old, the ill, and the children must be taken care of; apart from this, men and women in their personal relations are trusted with the precious gifts of freedom and privacy.

RUSSIAN NEWS is still different from all other news. Featured in a box at the top of the front page of the New York *Times* for January 6 appeared the following tidbit:

> *Special Cable to the New York* Times
>
> LONDON, Jan. 5.—The political bureau of the Russian Communist Party has instructed the Soviet theatrical censorship to bring to an end the run of the Russian version of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" at the Moscow Kamerny Theater.
>
> "This *beau geste* of the Kamenev-Zinoviev clique," says the *Morning Post's* Russian correspondent, "is the reply to Shaw's disrespectful remarks about Zinoviev & Co. in his letter to the Moscow *Izvestia*. The production of 'Saint Joan' in the Petrograd Alexandrinsky State Theater has been canceled.
>
> "In order to mislead public opinion abroad and to conceal the fact that the withdrawal is really suppression, it will officially be announced that owing to the failure of 'Saint Joan' to attract the public the play will be removed from the repertory of the Kamerny Theater."

Now, as it happens, "Saint Joan" is still being played, both in Moscow and in Leningrad (which the *Morning Post* and the *Times* still call "Petrograd"). Reuter's Agency carried this information, and it was printed in the *Manchester Guardian* and in other British newspapers. The

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American papers also have correspondents in Russia, and correspondents in England who could just as well cable the true statements in the *Guardian* as the lies of the *Morning Post*. But Russian news is still somehow different.

THE NEW AND COMMENDABLE American Society of Newspaper Editors has held its annual meeting at Washington and been duly cheered on its way by hearing from President Coolidge that the American press is the best in the world because our dailies are "particularly representative of this practical idealism of our people"! We have carefully read the stenographic reports of the convention in the *Editor and Publisher* and note with interest the appointment of a permanent standing committee to deal with attacks upon the press. Let Upton Sinclair take heed! But neither in the report of the committee on integrity of the press nor in that of the committee on ethical standards have we been able to find one reference to the worst scandal concerning the press which has come to light in years—the journalistic corruption brought out in the oil investigations. Apparently these revelations were entirely overlooked by the editors at Washington—though *The Nation's* criticisms of the profession were not. If the Society of Newspaper Editors had wished to better the standing of the press with the public it could have insisted that its committees tell the truth about the deliberate crookedness of certain Denver newspapers and have applied the good stick of decency, simple honesty, and common morality to the offenders. Direct venality is, we still believe, rare in the American press. But this worst case of newspaper corruption was never, if we may trust the reports before us, touched upon by the defenders and upholders of their profession.

THE ELECTION of Roscoe C. Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School, as president of the University of Wisconsin is a notable event, for it places at the head of that great institution an extraordinary teacher, a learned expounder of the law as a living, growing organism, and a true liberal. During the past trying years Mr. Pound stood up straight for the historic rights, guaranteed by the Constitution, which most of our learned men, under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, have relegated to the scrap-heap. We are particularly grateful for Mr. Pound's readiness to go to Wisconsin because that university is in sore need of such a personality. The present president is a mere stop-gap, under whom, it is true, the gag upon speakers who are not running with the herd has been lifted; he has not been able to personify the true spirit of a university, devotion to truth and eagerness to hear all sides, because it is not in him. It has seemed to us one of the most pitiable results of the war that this university which, a few years before, was investigated by the Wisconsin Legislature because of its "dangerous liberalism," should have been turned by the first breath of battle into a place of reaction and intolerance, ready to swallow any of the war's shams and hypocritical slogans without question and without investigation. We can think of only one or two men who could do as much as Dean Pound to restore this university as a free forum for discussion, the abode of unhindered professors teaching the truth as they see it without regard for consequences. We wish him complete success in the great opportunity which is now his.

"We Did Not Vote for That"

CALVIN COOLIDGE has turned Bolshevik. We regret to record this painful happening and can well imagine how it will grieve our readers. But the facts compel us. He has thrown overboard his principles just as Woodrow Wilson, after being chosen by reason of the slogan "He kept us out of war," promptly put us into it. If you doubt our statement about Mr. Coolidge let us refer you to the Washington, D. C., Real Estate Board. In passionate, half-page advertisements it has announced that the "most vital crisis which ever confronted Washington" is upon the capital, because certain rent legislation sponsored by the President has been introduced into Congress to control the profits of landlords and prevent the gouging of tenants. "To the property-owners," the advertisement reads, "this is a matter of immediate importance, as it will result in the loss of your constitutional rights of private ownership of property"; the business man, it avers, ought to rise in wrath because this "is an opening wedge to force on the nation's capital regulation and control of all business." Quite naturally the Real Estate Board declares "this is just the sort of legislation against which millions of voters registered their opposition in the November election." And now the District of Columbia, which is voteless, finds itself betrayed in the house of friends—and it is Calvin Coolidge himself, the cornerstone of conservatism, the peerless defender of the faith of big business, who has done this deed.

Just what is it that the President fathers? A bill to constitute an independent federal commission of five persons, one an attorney, with power to draw up a standard form of lease, to investigate, to demand information from any owner, to hold hearings in any given case, to decide what is a "reasonable rental" for the owner to charge (7 per cent on his invested capital is believed to be the object aimed at), and "to make such rules, regulations, and orders as will tend to promote the health, morals, peace, comfort, and welfare of the community," with power to punish violation of its rules. Truly a large order and a large power, and obviously enough a real step toward bolshevism if by that you understand governmental entry into this field. It does not, of course, mitigate the President's offense that he is merely planning to replace a war-time law recently declared unconstitutional because the war-time emergency has passed. He is, of course, eager, with memories of his own $35-a-month dwelling in Northampton, to mitigate the harsh lot of the underpaid government employee whose salary has been increased by an average of only $240 a year since 1917, while the cost of living has in some cases risen 200 per cent.

This excellent motive is no excuse for "Cal." He has, says a leading Washington broker, Mr. J. P. Story, Jr., "undertaken the most communistic piece of legislation ever fathered by an executive in American history." After that, we submit, it is idle to remind people that Mr. Coolidge has a duty to the government employee, that he is merely suggesting what has been done in New York City since 1919, and elsewhere too. It is "communistic," and that ends discussion. Calvin Coolidge has betrayed his trust. The people did not vote for that. The Washington government employee who sometimes pays 60 per cent of his income for rent may stew as he pleases. Who, in the light of this threat to home, fireside, country, and God, will care to discuss such dull things as facts?

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The Prohibition Mess

UPON the innocence or guilt of United States Senator Edward I. Edwards of New Jersey, accused by federal officers of being the chief bootlegger in that State, we do not presume to pass. Senator Edwards is entitled to be considered innocent until he is proved otherwise. The very fact that he has been accused by prohibition officials will in many circles create a favorable impression on his behalf—so notorious is the corruption of the Volstead law-enforcement army. But we do know one reason why corruption flourishes among the lower officials, and that is that many of those higher up are setting an extremely bad example. During the administration of President Harding few important officials, from the White House down, were particularly careful to conceal their violation of the law in fact and in spirit. Until there is a militant desire in the Cabinet-room itself to enforce the Volstead act and to live up to it there will be little hope of having zealous enforcers of the law in those who hold the lesser, yet vital, positions. What is charged against Senator Edwards in New Jersey is similarly alleged against the political boss of another neighboring State, and from various directions comes unquestionable evidence that the politicians in both parties are becoming part of the mass of corruption which is our most striking harvest from the Eighteenth Amendment.

The way that corruption is spreading is alarming. We hear that the policemen in many cities are now even more corrupt than the revenue officials—although that seems almost incredible. How far that has gone in a single city has been brought out in Jersey City, where a plucky Catholic priest, after seeing a steamer openly unloading liquor at a public dock one night, started a train of events which has resulted in the indictment of ten policemen, the trial of an associate of Senator Edwards, and the following of the trail into the headquarters of numerous politicians. Alongside of corrupt revenue officials and policemen has grown up an army of blackmailers who live off the bootleggers they threaten with exposure; they do not even stop, we are told, at impersonating judges, so that honest judges everywhere are in danger of finding themselves compromised although innocent. Our United States courts are breaking down—and the federal prosecuting machinery as well—by reason of the enormous number of cases thrust upon them. The preparation and prosecution of thousands of these cases are in the hands of young assistant district attorneys, usually appointed for political reasons at salaries of $2,500 and upward, upon which they are expected to live and withstand tremendous pressure upon them to accept bribes. Hundreds of cases never come to trial.

Much as we should like to regard this as a passing phase we cannot feel sure that it is. We still believe that on the whole prohibition has accomplished good for the masses of the country although bringing some new evils in its train. We would recall that we regretted the way in which the amendment was put over; we have repeatedly called for a national referendum to register the will of the people upon this issue, so that, if possible, there should be a clear-cut mandate to Washington to enforce prohibition or to abolish it. We are willing to risk a close vote, for then we should be no worse off than we are. Indeed, we should be better off, for the referendum would compel the country to stop and think about the ghastly situation in which it finds itself. Nor are we deterred from advocating this course by those who insist that there is no legal or constitutional way by which this plebiscite could be held. A government that registered all of our youth prior to conscription on a single day can easily find a way to take a referendum if Executive and Legislature so desire. If this is not done, if public opinion is not aroused in some way, we shall wallow in a steadily deepening sink of corruption and we shall see the abandonment of all serious effort to enforce the Constitution, adding another amendment to the growing list of those honored chiefly in the breach.

Hence we welcome the efforts of the Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement and the excellent support given to it recently by President Coolidge. We are particularly rejoiced to find President Gary of the United States Steel Corporation leading in this committee. Surely as long as the lamp holds out to burn, any sinner may be expected to return! To have seated Elbert H. Gary on the penitent's bench is an achievement for the Committee of One Thousand, indeed—which may lead it, later on, to look beyond the prohibition law for promising fields in which to enforce our statutes and our Constitution. For the moment we are grateful for Mr. Gary and the committee. We are encouraged, too, when the head of a great school, Mr. Horace D. Taft, feels impelled to visit school after school and college after college to inspire young boys and men with the desire to uphold the laws.

But, we hear the question asked anew, are there not times when a refusal to obey a law becomes the duty of a free man whose conscience and principles are outraged by a given law? Indubitably. We respect those who have the frank courage of their convictions in opposing the Volstead act. Not that we can see that the abolition of the sale of liquor is an abridgment of the right of personal liberty, any more than has been the suppression of the drug traffic or the abolition of public gaming and public bawdy-houses. But for those liberals and radicals who take the opposite view we shall have complete respect if they, like the conscientious objectors in the last war, are willing honestly to pay the price of their lawbreaking. If there are enough of them they can make a dead letter of the law precisely as the Fugitive Slave Law was nullified by the conscience of the North. The vast bulk of those violating the law offer no conscientious scruples for their acts. They are lawless in order to line their pockets or to indulge personal habits they do not care to give up, or because they think it fashionable and smart. If they or their children cannot be educated to a different point of view, and held to accountability, then this country will have to retrace its steps. If the Augean stables of prohibition corruption are not cleared up, then the political, social, and moral life of the nation will be more and more contaminated, and in a way to threaten the existence of the government.

We shall not lie back, say this is an insoluble problem, and wash our hands of it. We shall continue to urge that a clear-cut mandate of the people be obtained. We shall

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urge the enforcement of the law, believing that no serious or honest effort has yet been made in Washington by the government as a whole to enforce it. We believe that it is an acid test of the Coolidge Administration and of its successors, and that it is bound to throw a flood of light upon the question whether political government has or has not broken down. Certain that no nation can remain half slave and half free, we are sure that the present condition cannot continue without enthroning hypocrisy and corruption as the rulers of America.

Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy

STEPHEN G. PORTER of Pennsylvania, standing up at Geneva and denouncing Viscount Cecil for England's attitude upon the opium question, shocked the diplomats. His was certainly not a diplomatic speech, but it breathed the passionate conviction and unconventional insistence which put into the American language the phrase "shirt-sleeve diplomacy." We believe that it was vastly more effective than if it had observed more of the ordinary amenities of international converse, and we have faith enough in the English people to feel sure that resentment at his charges will not prevent consideration of his facts. Already a new spirit seems to be bearing fruit at the conference which was so long deadlocked.

William Lloyd Garrison, taking his stand in the first issue of the *Liberator* ninety-five years ago, proclaimed, "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch *and I will be heard.* . . . I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice." Something of that resolution spoke in Stephen G. Porter at Geneva. Another man would have thought more of the agreement to be obtained, would have studied his adversary's mind and sought to discover the utmost degree of compromise which it would be possible to obtain, would have exercised what is exalted as "tact and diplomacy." There are times for tact and diplomacy; there are times, too, when courtesy becomes hypocrisy and needs to be cast aside. This was one of them. British opinion has never yet faced the disgrace which the Empire's tolerance of opium has thrust upon England, and an international incident may have been needed to force an unwilling public's attention upon the evil.

If the League of Nations can provide a forum in which such questions can be forced into the international limelight we shall welcome its existence. We are not appalled by the danger of meddling in other people's affairs. The world needs such meddling. American judgment of British policy in Ireland, unconventionally expressed, helped toward a solution of that ghastly problem; and we only wish that some other nation would somehow force the people of this country to awaken to the horror of our treatment of Haiti. We know well enough that some of the newspapers which today applaud Stephen Porter's interference in the internal affairs of the British Empire would in such a contingency protest in the name of our natonal sovereignty and divine right to do as we please. But sooner or later the world, the United States included, will have to learn that international boundaries are not frontiers over which it is impossible to look; and it is well for us all to know what others think of us.

So we welcome this taste of shirt-sleeve diplomacy. In a measure its success will be a test of the possibility of "open diplomacy." The diplomats like to believe that the public is not to be trusted. If they said aloud what they hint to each other, they insist, public opinion would become inflamed and unnecessary wars become inevitable. It is an appealing argument, but its truth is limited. Let peoples become accustomed to public criticism from abroad, and they will cease to resent it. The time must come when newspapers will cease to defend every act of their governments against alien critics. The *Manchester Guardian* in England already sets a notable example of a newspaper of undoubted patriotism which yet is not unwilling to oppose its own Government on just such issues as this of opium. Let the example be multiplied.

Grape-Fruit on the Isle of Pines

ON February 26, 1901, Senator Pettigrew remarked in the United States Senate that the Isle of Pines was "a sand-bank, uninhabited, utterly worthless, without a harbor." He did not know as much about it as the real-estate speculators who were already busily buying and selling its sands, but his remark illustrates the contemporary view of an island whose fate remains unsettled after the lapse of a quarter century. The Isle of Pines includes only 840 square miles, and nearly half of that is still swamp and coral rock. In 1899 there were 3,200 people on the island, of whom all but 14 were either Cuban or Spanish. Today 700 Americans live there; and 10,000 Americans own land worth $15,000,000. Their powerful lobby has prevented ratification of the treaty which, first presented by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay more than twenty years ago, has since been supported by every American President and Secretary of State of whatever party.

The question whether the Isle of Pines belongs to the United States or to Cuba turns upon the interpretation to be given two clauses of the treaty which ended the Spanish War. They read:

> Article I. Spain relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba. . . .
>
> Article II. Spain cedes to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and the island of Guam in the Marianas or Ladrones.

Was the Isle of Pines a part of Cuba, or one of the "other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies"? That is the question which the Senate has debated off and on for twenty years. The answer cuts deeper than the mere words of the treaty, for we had entered the Spanish War under a resolution which declared:

> The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island [Cuba], except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

If, therefore, the Isle of Pines was a part of Cuba the United States could not in honor accept it, whatever the terms of the treaty.

The Isle of Pines, thirty miles from the Cuban mainland, had always been administered under Spanish rule as a part of Cuba. More than fourscore maps on file in the Congressional Library, issued at intervals from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, show it as such. Every Spanish census recorded its inhabitants as Cubans. They

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paid taxes as Cubans and took part in the Cuban war of independence. The Supreme Court of the United States, in 1907, refusing the demand of Americans in the Isle of Pines that their products be admitted to the United States duty-free, declared that "all the world knew that it was an integral part of Cuba."

But what, then, did the commissioners mean by the "other islands" ceded to the United States? Apart from the Isle of Pines they could only have meant three little islands hardly further off the coast of Porto Rico than the Isle of Pines is from Cuba. Two of the commissioners are supposed to have told friends, some years after, that they supposed the Isle of Pines had been ceded to us. The chairman of our commission, however, sat in the Supreme Court in 1907 when it declared the island an integral part of Cuba. The Isle of Pines is not mentioned in the proceedings of the peace conference; probably the commissioners never thought of an island then known only as the largest of the thousand sand-keys that skirt Cuba's south shore.

Shortly after the peace, however, interest in the island developed. Experts thought that it might be valuable as a naval base. Some Americans apparently were willing to use our possible claim to it as a lever to force Cuba to grant us the vastly more valuable harbor of Guantanamo. The Platt Amendment, adopted in 1901, specifically excepted it from the boundaries of Cuba, leaving the title "to future adjustment by treaty." There is a report that President McKinley before his death instructed the federal land office to include it in a map of American territory. That was done in 1899 and again in 1902. An Assistant Secretary of War and his underling, John J. Pershing, then assistant adjutant general, wrote four letters to inquirers stating that it was a part of the United States—two in August, 1899, two in January, 1900. But our military authorities in Cuba were scrupulous to state that its fate was uncertain, and the War Department soon overruled the overzealous Assistant Secretary of War. In 1903 two treaties were negotiated with Cuba; one, without mentioning the Isle of Pines, ceded Guantanamo to us; the other, referring to Guantanamo as a counter-consideration, relinquished to Cuba our claim upon the Isle of Pines. The first was promptly ratified; the second, as remodeled in 1904, is still pending. Its Foreign Affairs Committee has repeatedly made favorable recommendations, but the Senate has never taken action. Legalistic scruples combined with the interest of the landowners have sufficed to prevent its passage. The landowners know that their rich grape-fruit harvest could undersell California and Florida products if admitted duty-free—as it would be if the Isle of Pines became American territory.

If any Americans actually bought land upon the strength of the four official letters stating that the Isle of Pines was American territory, they should be recompensed by the Government for the error of its servant. But the records seem to indicate that the Americans who bought land were themselves in doubt as to what flag would fly over their purchase; and in any case, an official's error could hardly make the island American. It has always been a part of Cuba; the executive departments of our Government—with the lapses noted above—have always recognized it as such. The Senate's delay in ratifying the treaty only adds fuel to the belief in Latin America and abroad that we are a greedy, land-grabbing nation. Let us not seem to set the price of a few grape-fruit on a Caribbean island above the honor of the nation.

Critics and Canned Music

CARL VAN VECHTEN complains, in an essay, On Hearing What You Want When You Want It, reprinted in his new volume, "Red," that he cannot hear old music, as he can look at a favorite book or picture, at leisure in his study. Still less can he choose what he wants to listen to at a concert. "If I were dying of desire to experience an audition of Puccini's 'Edgar,'" he says, "I should expire before the medicine was proffered me." He considers the playerpiano, after Ernest Newman's august example, only to reject it. The phonograph he ignores. Determined to die a romantic death for want of a tune, he refuses to be rescued by a rubber disk. But this does not alter the fact that music now exists in space as well as in time, and that its material substance can be found in piles on storekeepers' shelves. For aesthetic purposes the reproduction still leaves much to be desired. For purposes of information it is immeasurably useful.

The critic's contempt for the canner of music, great as it is, is at least matched by the music-canner's contempt for the critic. This is a pity, because they need each other badly. The critic lacks readers because the readers have no way of hearing the music the critic describes. Who would read the review of a book forever out of print? Or of a comedy that has gone off the boards, to be revived for a single night next season with a different cast or not at all? Yet no defunct book or play is deader than a concert an hour after it is over.

The music-canners, on their side, need the trade of critic-reading concert-goers. They are advertising "what you want when you want it," in competition with the radio, but they have a poor opinion of what we want. They do not manage to cover even the standard symphonies and chamber music played every season in New York, nor are they prepared to take advantage of so obvious a thing as the present popularity of Stravinsky.

In general this reflects the attitude of managers and even critics. The music is comparatively unimportant; it is the artist whom the public has been taught to admire. Concert programs are often not announced until the seat sale is over. If you wish to hear Jascha Heifetz or Fritz Kreisler play a certain Brahms sonata, there is nothing to do but buy tickets for a recital months ahead, and hope for luck with the program.

The stock answer to all these complaints is that music is a hard commodity to sell. It must be made to pay. We are told that the public wants the old and familiar. On the other hand it wants the novel and freakish. The two are alternated and combined skilfully in the table d'hote programs served at concert-halls. Special wants are created, to be supplied by the generous managers, "in response to public demand." Yet if the listener ventures to choose for himself he can hardly satisfy his most modest taste. He is prevented, in the sacred name of trade, from hearing what he wants when he wants it.

Not less commercialism, but more, is the cure: a campaign of "education" to awaken public taste for music rather than "stars"; occasional hints by critics that records exist of compositions they praise; inviting notices by record-makers that Beethoven wrote other symphonies than the Fifth and they can all be heard at home. Let the music industry study the methods of the sagacious Mr. Heinz in marketing pickles.

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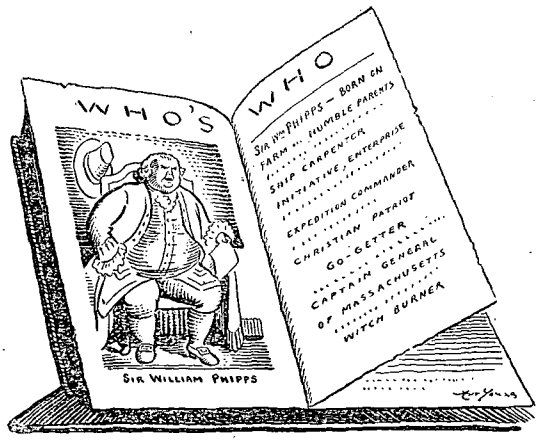
The Founder of a Great Tradition

By R. F. DIBBLE

THAT one of the twenty-six children of a poor Maine backwoodsman should eventually gain a fortune by fishing up sunken treasure, should marry a wealthy society dame, should be knighted by King James II, should lead an expedition against Quebec, should be appointed Governor of Massachusetts, and should finally have his virtuous life recorded in loving detail by the illustrious Cotton Mather—whoever would have believed that such things could come true? Yet they did. And Sir William Phipps accomplished something even more important — he founded a Great American Tradition.



"I shall endeavor," wrote Mather, "with the chymistry of an impartial historian, to raise my friend so far out of his ashes, as to shew him again unto the world. . . . I entituled it, not without very good Reason, PIETAS IN PATRIAM: and how many wayes I have propounded unto myself, in this Composure, to serve my Lord Jesus Christ, it is needless to mee to mention." Mather served his Lord chiefly by concocting a narrative in which fantastic conceits, irrelevant episodes, errors of fact, paradoxes, antitheses, and classical allusions are tangled and tumbled together in almost inextricable confusion. But this production, so incredibly outrageous in structure that it is also incredibly fascinating, has been scrutinized by modern historians, and it is possible to separate the entertaining chaff from the prosaic wheat.

William Phipps, born February 2, 1651, "at a despicable plantation on the river of Kennebeck," as a boy swung an ax and tended his father's sheep. In spite of his "obscure original," an "unaccountable impulse" soon persuaded him that he was born for better things; and he obeyed the impulse by apprenticing himself for four years to a ship's carpenter. Then he sailed to Boston, where, trusting no longer in impulses, he learned to read and write. Furthermore, he maintained such a conspicuously "laudable deportment" by refusing to abandon himself to "the lewd vices of gaming, drinking, swearing, and whoring"—for, as Mather continues, Phipps was remarkable for "his chastity, which the prodigious deprivation brought by the late reigns upon the manners of the nation, has made worthy to be mentioned as a virtue somewhat extraordinary"—that he won the hand of a rich merchant's widow.

Thus convinced that Puritanism was a good business investment, he began to show his "natural disdain of littleness" by uttering prophecies in the presence of the incredulous Mrs. Phipps. He would, he declared, yet become captain of a King's ship, would command better men than he himself was at present, would eventually build an elegant brick house in North Boston, and "it may be, this would not be all the Providence of God would bring him to." Disregarding, as a gentleman should, the sarcastic sniffs and poohpoohings of his testy spouse, who continued to remind him that in the matter of household finance she wore the breeches, he voyaged in a small vessel to the Bahamas. Here he managed to scrape together just enough money to enable him to sail for England. At Whitehall he poured such beguiling tales of buried treasure into the ears of the proper officials that, in 1684, he was made commander of a King's frigate. Four years filled with difficulties and dangers succeeded; disappointment followed disappointment and mutiny followed mutiny. Once his men rushed upon him with drawn swords; but Captain Phipps, "though he had not so much of a weapon as an ox-goad or a jaw-bone in his hands, yet like another Shamgar or Samson, with a most undaunted fortitude, he rushed in upon them, and with the blows of his bare hands *felled* many of them, and *quelled* all the rest." But at length, near Hispaniola, he actually dug out of a sunken wreck a treasure worth—so the story runs—£300,000, which he carried to England in 1687. When the loot was divided, Phipps's own share amounted to £16,000; the Duke of Albemarle, who had given him much assistance, was so delighted that he presented the Puritan pillager a £1,000 gold cup as a gift for his wife; and King James declared that so much integrity and talent should not go unrewarded.

They were rewarded—with certain restrictions. The King first knighted Phipps, and then asked him what further honor he would like. Sir William, knowing that the charter to the colonies had been abrogated in the previous year, magnanimously replied that he would like nothing so much as the restoration of New England's lost privileges. "Anything but that, Sir William!" was the kingly rejoinder; so the new-made knight had to rest contented with an appointment as High-Sheriff of New England, whither he sailed in 1688. Arrived home, Sir William amused himself by pointing out, over and over again, to his chagrined wife how his prophecies were coming true; but her equanimity was fully restored when he bestowed the gold cup upon her and immediately started to construct the brick house.

But even greater honors were imminent. In November, 1688, King James dropped the Great Seal of England into the Thames and fled to France; William of Orange came to the English throne; and in April, 1689, war was declared between France and England. It became the duty of the colonists, therefore, to wage righteous battle against the "Frenchified pagans" who occupied Canada; and who was so well qualified to fight the war of the Protestant God against the Catholic-Pretender God as that gallant Puritan, Sir William Phipps? No one, thought the colonists, and so thought Phipps. But, first, he decided it would be expedient to cleanse himself of any stain incurred by his reception of knighthood from a Catholic sword. Accordingly, Mather was soon able to write this record in his diary: "I baptized

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. . . Sir William Phipps . . . one of my own Flock, and one of my dearest Friends." Sir William once more had peace of mind; his knighthood had been purged of all possible taint—and he still had the knighthood. In April, 1690, he set sail for Port Royal, Acadia, which he conquered in the most approved Old Testament and Puritan fashion. The diary of the Reverend Joshua Moody, chaplain of the expedition, tells the story: "May, 11. The fort surrendered. May, 12. Went ashore to search for hidden goods. We cut down the cross, rifled the church, pulled down the high altar, and broke their images. May, 13. Kept gathering plunder all day." Thus Sir William was able to return home as a conquering hero, who had made a perfect success of everything, except one very important particular: the plunder amounted to £3,000 less than the cost of the expedition.

Having thus proved his intrepidity, the doughty knight was wisely chosen to lead another exploit. On August 9 he sailed for Quebec, with a fleet numbering thirty-two vessels of every description. Nine weeks elapsed before he arrived, it is true, for he had thought it advisable to demonstrate both his military acumen and his patriotism by landing on various points of the barren and uninhabited seacoast and setting up the English flag. But early in October he sent a message to Frontenac, the Quebec commander, stipulating an immediate and unconditional surrender, "upon the doing whereof you may expect mercy from me, as a Christian"; but Frontenac responded that, as a mere Frenchman, his reply "should be from the mouth of his cannon." Sir William then planned to attack simultaneously by land and water; and, while his land forces endeavored to assault the most impregnable stronghold, he assisted them by popping his cannon at a picture of the Holy Family (painted, obviously, by a Frenchman) hanging on the cathedral spire. But in spite of all his martial efforts, the French refused to surrender, and Phipps was therefore obliged to sail back to Boston. The reception tendered him was not overenthusiastic, for the expedition had cost £50,000 and had unfortunately captured no plunder at all. Cotton Mather, however, chose to believe that all this trouble could be laid to the presence of another sort of paganism in King's Chapel, Boston—to wit, Episcopalianism; and Phipps and his aids justified themselves by imposing a strict censorship on all publications, and by writing to England that the disaster must have come from God, who had "spit in our faces."

The dauntless knight, however, though somewhat rebuffed, was still undismayed. Early in 1691 he sailed to England, where he strove to persuade King William that another foray against the French-Canadians would prove wholly successful—if it were led by Sir William Phipps. But the King was more interested just then in Increase Mather's plea for a new charter for New England; and so Phipps wisely gave up all thought of fighting Frenchmen, since an even greater honor than any he had yet won was now dangling before his eyes. Increase Mather, though assuring the King that he merely desired the full restoration of New England's charter privileges, was actually working to win a charter for a theocratic state independent of English control—a state in which political power would rest wholly in the hands of a self-perpetuating Puritanic priesthood—and, what was more to the point, he wished Phipps to be appointed Governor of this state. Sir William himself fully agreed to all this; King William alone, strange to say, was not quite willing. In the end, he granted a charter that allowed far more political freedom than either Mather or Phipps desired; but he sugar-coated this bitter pill by appointing Phipps Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of the province of Massachusetts. Phipps was overwhelmed with joy, and a lucky thought struck him too. Both the King and he were named William; both the Queen and his own wife were named Mary—with such favorable auguries, what, indeed, might not the future hold? In a paroxysm of gratitude he kissed the royal hand, and sailed for Boston in January, 1692, where he was right royally welcomed with a salute of guns.

But alas! Just at the moment of his greatest success, he found ruin staring him in the face. For this was 1692—the year of the Salem Witchcraft. Increase Mather, preacher, politician, and president of Harvard, wrote a book in which "with demonstrations of incomparable *reason* and *reading*," as his son Cotton states, he proved beyond dispute that Satan may afflict virtuous and innocent persons with "diabolical molestations"; Cotton himself, whom his father had trained to such obedience as only a Puritan parent can inflict upon his children, was preaching frantic sermons to his people, urging them to punish those guilty of allowing such horrid manifestations of the Evil One to dwell in their bodies; and Governor Phipps was—the close friend of both Mathers. Instigated by them, he appointed a special court, whose legality was at least doubtful, to try the witchcraft cases. Within a year some thirty people had been hanged, and one had been tortured to death, by due process of Puritan law. Then a furious reaction set in; even the Mathers began to have some doubts—though not too many—as to the righteousness of the cause; and poor Sir William—! The commission of his special court had now expired; but worse, far worse than that, Mary Phipps herself, people were whispering, was a witch!

For the first time in all his life, Phipps actually felt alarmed. He wrote to England, attempting to throw the blame of the witchcraft proceedings upon his Lieutenant Governor. It was all in vain; wherever he went, he saw accusing eyes and pointing fingers. In his perplexity, he often declared that he would like to go back to his ax and his sheep again; but there were Mary's private and social whims to be considered. What, then, could he do? Fight, of course; thank God, there were still some Frenchmen and Indians alive! So off he went with four hundred and fifty men to the coast of Maine. He erected a strong fort in a place where no possible need of a fort existed; and, after incredible exertion, he succeeded in burning a small village and in capturing five of the "worse than Scythian wolves." But his spirits were still very low; and hardly had he returned to Boston when an election held under the new charter went strongly against him. In his deep despair he became almost demented and indulged in the most undignified personal altercations. His tall, heavy form had now grown "stout to a prodigy" without losing its muscularity; and so, having picked an entirely unnecessary quarrel with the collector of the port of Boston, he knocked the bewildered man down with his huge fists. In another row with the captain of a British frigate, Phipps struck his opponent's head with his omnipresent cane; the head came out victorious, and he therefore trounced the captain as he had trounced the collector. The two maltreated gentlemen carried their grievances to the King, who ordered Sir William to come at once to England. There he was arrested in an

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action demanding £20,000 damages; but a friend bailed him out of jail. While waiting for his trial, he began to dream old, half-forgotten dreams—he would go on another long journey for buried treasure. . . .

The dreams came true. In February, 1695, he caught a cold that developed into a "malignant feaver" from which he died on the eighteenth. Friends "honorably interred" him in the church of St. Mary, Woolnoth—"and with him," cried Mather, "how much of New England's happiness!"

But New England's loss has been the nation's gain. For Sir William Phipps became the founder of a Great American Tradition: in this marvelous land of opportunity anyone, no matter how obscure in origin or how poor in this world's goods, may, by utilizing to the full the Christian virtues of labor and loyalty, of piety and patriotism, rise to the heights of fame.

The Deadlock at Geneva

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

[*The second opium conference resumed its sessions on January 12, and at first repeated its earlier deadlock. Viscount Cecil, speaking for England, called opium-eating "an age-old custom, generally harmless and sometimes actually beneficial," but finally a compromise plan was referred to a new committee.*—EDITOR THE NATION.]

London, January 1

IN this breathing spell between the first and second halves of the Opium War now being fought at Geneva, I will try to give you a few impressions as seen through the haze of battle. Lucky you wrote me to give you something "interpretative" rather than an account of proceedings. The actual proceedings are so difficult to follow, so wrapped in technicalities, so hampered by many of them taking place secretly, behind closed doors, that one can only give general impressions—exceedingly general, very impressionistic.

There were two opium conferences; the first one began on November 3 and lasted every day until the sixteenth, inclusive. After that it held intermittent meetings every week or so, the final one taking place December 13. It may still have another session or so—or it may not. It has a defunct appearance at present.

The countries represented at this first conference were Great Britain and the India Office, the latter tactfully called "India"—two British delegates, anyway; France, Holland, Portugal, Japan, Siam, and China. Object, presumably to take measures for the gradual and effective suppression of the use of smoking-opium, according to the provisions of the Hague Convention. Results of conference, nil. Opium smoking is to be "temporarily" continued in these countries for another five years at least, at the end of which time the situation will be reviewed again.

From the first, one smelled a rat. Just as little publicity as possible, and none at all preferably. Four members of the outside public arrived in Geneva the morning of November 3 and sat on wicker chairs on the veranda of the League, while the subject of admitting the public was discussed. The League wanted us admitted; the nations did not. But the League spirit finally won, and word was sent to us to come in. But Oh, some of the nations were peevish! Not the Orientals—every one of them wanted full publicity—but those European countries with opium-smoking colonies in the Far East had no use for us! They got even with us later on, by having a whole week of secret sessions, during which the general public was obliged to ramble round the old town of Geneva and buy pewter.

There was excellent team-work between the two British delegates. One would advocate public sessions—then up would come the other and plead for secret committee meetings; when put to a vote, the latter carried the day, backed up by France, Holland, and Portugal, the European bloc. China made a gallant fight for open hearings, insisting that if secret committee meetings took place any member of the committee could tell the press about it afterward, citing the Washington Conference as example. The British delegate Sir Malcolm Delavigne hoped that "loyalty" would hold any delegate back from such action. Loyalty to the opium interests, presumably. But the Chinese delegate seemed to think the public had a right to know the situation. Result, China got left off this secret committee that sat for a week, all owing to her absurd desire to "tell the world." Inasmuch as the large opium production in China is the excuse offered by Europe for the consumption of Indian opium in their colonies, and inasmuch as it is the Chinese in these same colonies for whom smoking-opium is provided, Dr. Sze seemed to think it not quite fair to leave him out in the cold. But pshaw—business is business. So they "compromised" on the question of publicity: China's affairs were discussed in public, while the affairs of the European colonies in the Orient were discussed behind closed doors.

One fact emerged clearly. The whole Orient is anxious to put down opium. The Europeans are equally determined to keep it up. A clear line-up, the East against the West, significant in the extreme. Over and over again the Japanese came to the rescue of China, when the "India" delegate tried to lay the whole blame for the situation upon that unhappy country. We heard a lot about India's "sacrifice" in giving up her lucrative opium trade with China in 1917, and of China's perfidy in growing poppies again afterward. But not one word about the part played by Europe in reducing China to her present plight.

Japan did a most annoying thing at this first conference. Here, with England, France, Holland, and Portugal all saying they couldn't possibly stop opium smoking in their colonies because of the smuggled opium from China, didn't Japan rise up and lay before them a most perfect working model of the system in Formosa, which is bringing excellent results; had the effrontery, Japan had, to offer these people a plan which they might all follow if they honestly wished to end the thing. The East teaching the West, and, worse still, appealing to the West in the name of all the great Christian principles, decency, humanity, fair play! Furthermore, said Japan, the opium produced in China didn't bother them at all in Formosa!

Briefly, this is Japan's model scheme in Formosa: All addicts are registered, and no newcomers are admitted to the lists. They are supplied with opium as they need it, till they either die or are cured of the habit. This opium

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is sold at so low a price that smuggling is unprofitable. Every immigrant from China is detained two days on arrival, to see if he has the habit, and if so, he is deported. By this system the number of smokers has been reduced from 169,000 in 1900 to 40,000 in 1923. Of these more than 27,000 are over fifty years old, and the mortality among them is heavy. In a few more years all smoking in Formosa will automatically end, and the whole thing will be over. But imagine the audacity of an Oriental nation showing Europe how the thing can be done if one is in earnest! Right straight through Japan has displayed a fine spirit and a sincerity of purpose there can be no doubting. Whatever her shortcomings in the past Japan is now determined to clear herself of this blot upon her national honor.

But think you that Europe takes kindly to this Japanese plan, which is not a mere theory but a practical working arrangement? Far from it! "Impracticable," says Great Britain, with an eye to the opium revenues in her many Far Eastern colonies. Money no object, of course, but still the thing's impossible. Honestly, there were days at this conference when one needed rubbers because of the crocodile tears!

Well, they drew themselves up a treaty, these Powers, consisting of lots of little articles each of which said one thing at the beginning and contradicted itself at the end of the sentence. Thus: We will establish government monopolies (i. e., state control)—unless some other system seems preferable. We will conduct vigorous propaganda as to the evils of opium—unless it seems inexpedient. The delegate from "India" very strongly objected to this propaganda business, so the last half of the sentence was put in to please Mr. Campbell. However, no opium is to be sold to minors, but as some one in the audience whispered, "They forgot to add 'except in such places where it is already in use in the kindergartens.'" The most constructive article was the one which changed the word "opium den" to "opium divan." And they handsomely offered to review the thing again in five years' time, as we have said.

This futile treaty would have been signed before the Americans appeared on the scene, November 17, for the second conference but for a hitch over one article, that which dealt with certificates of export and import. An importer who buys opium must get a certificate from his government showing that it is needed, and not (presumably) for abuse. This certificate is then honored by the government with opium to sell. But over the wording of this article Great Britain and Japan locked horns. Something about transshipment. The disagreement, whatever it was, had apparently developed during that week of secret sessions, and we only saw the tail end of it during the open conference when the treaty was being licked into final shape for signing. One gathered that if Japan bought opium in England or in India, all was well; but if she bought it in a rival market, Persia, she was buying it for unlawful purposes. As no direct line of boats runs from Persia to Japan, such opium must be changed from one boat to another, or transshipped, at some Indian port, at which point is it discovered and Japan accused of purchasing it for illicit use. No such awkwardness arises, apparently, if Japan buys opium in a British market. Hence Japan resented this discrimination or coercion or whatever you choose to call it. It took several meetings before this point could be settled to the mutual satisfaction of both countries, and had it not been for this delay the treaty drawn up by this first conference would have been signed, sealed, and out of the way before the Americans arrived for the second conference. As it was, the second conference convened, with the agreement reached by the first conference still unsigned, still hanging fire.

Therefore Mr. Porter, seeing that the first conference had evaded the issue, and, with the exception of Japan, had done nothing whatever to bring about the gradual and effective suppression of smoking-opium, insisted that the question should be taken up by the second conference. But the opium bloc, i. e., Great Britain and "India," France, Holland, and Portugal, don't want the second conference to touch it. They insist that this matter is outside the competence of the second conference. Mr. Porter insists that it is well within it, and that if an international gathering to discuss opium in all its phases cannot deal with the matter of smoking-opium, what sort of conference can deal with it? How is it possible to arrive at an estimate of the production required for medical needs, and to reduce that production to medical needs, if production for drugging is to be continued? The opium bloc base their objections on technicalities, in which they are past masters. They would confine the second conference to 10 per cent of the opium problem, and leave 90 untouched. Twenty-eight countries support the United States in this fight for competence, including Japan, China, Canada, and the South American countries. Great Britain, and some nine other countries are in opposition. We have the votes, but what good are they if the principal upholders of opium choose to withdraw?

So there we are.

The second conference adjourned on December 17, to meet again January 12. On the day the conference adjourned the opposition was as deeply intrenched as ever. It remains to be seen in what spirit these delegates return. Will the opium bloc give way; that is, will Great Britain give way? For if Great Britain yields, the rest will collapse like a house of cards. This opposition has been manifest in the whole four weeks of the second conference, hampering and obstructing at every turn. All the opium-producing countries have laid their cards on the table, face up—except India. It is extremely touching to see the way the lesser countries look to the United States to help them, to lead the fight which shall free them from this curse. Yet the United States is confronted by a formidable opponent which tells us that we may play round the fringes of the problem, but that we must do nothing to disturb the central core, production. We are at liberty to make what progress we can in restricting drug manufacture, transportation, and all those more superficial aspects of the question, but we must not tamper with the roots of it. In other words, we can act with Great Britain in devising methods to protect ourselves from dangerous drugs, but we must do nothing to protect more helpless peoples from this same danger. The United States cannot accept such an agreement.

The opium problem is so vast and complicated, its roots go so deep into the social, economic, financial, and political fabric of so many countries, that with the best will in the world it is tremendously difficult to solve. But without that will it is insoluble. The first requisite is the *attitude* toward drugging. As long as any nation, large or small, regards drugging as something to be continued, condoned, excused, and defended, no progress can be made.

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Houses—Sunnyside Up

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A HUNDRED dreary attempts have been made since the time of Ruskin and Octavia Hill to solve the housing problem; but most of these solutions have had the common distinction of not being able to recognize what the housing problem was. Mr. Lawrence Veiller, for example, the most conspicuous surviving member of the early school of housing reformers, thought that the housing problem resulted from overcrowding, bad ventilation, dirty latrines, and high fire risks; and he was instrumental in launching a successful movement to do away with these several nuisances by legislation, notably by the New York tenement-house law of 1901.

Unfortunately, most of the improvements that have resulted through legislative housing reform have automatically raised the cost per room; and so they leave us facing a dilemma which the old-fashioned reformer perpetually refuses to recognize; namely, how the great mass of people with an income below a decent subsistence level can purchase for themselves the necessaries of life? Mathematically speaking, the equation doesn't work out; for if x equals the actual income, and if x plus y equals z, the amount necessary for adequate living quarters, the actual apartments and tenements are bound to fall below standard, let the law say what it will, unless someone will gratuitously supply y. The only possible solution consists in surreptitiously supplementing the worker's wages through doles, subsidies, differential taxes, or government loans for housing below the market rates. All the European housing schemes use one or another of these dodges.

The alternative approach to the housing problem consists in paring down z, that is, reducing the standards of living. This method has created the great rabbit-hutch school of housing reformers—the school that advocates occupying houses in shifts, or installing combination bath-tubs, wash-tubs, boilers, sinks, oatmeal-cookers, or is always on the point of utilizing a new kind of structural material—paper, corrugated iron, concrete blocks, or what not—which will reduce the cost of material and labor. I deliberately caricature the rabbit-hutch school; but they deserve it. These reformers ignore the real difficulty that stands in the way of their program; they forget that the cost of living has automatically risen all over the world since the industrial revolution. The modern housing problem would be simple if we slept and cooked and ate and worked in one room, as our ancestors in the seventeenth century frequently did; if we gathered fuel from the woodlot and drew water from the well. Even Hodge nowadays demands more than this; indeed, if he lives in a city he *must* accept more, and if our reformers choose to ignore this, they might as well provide Hodge with six feet of earth to begin with and be done with it.

Plainly, a large part of our housing difficulties cannot even be faced until we are willing to distribute the income of industry with some relation to the biological needs of the worker—apart from his skill or ability to bargain. The only housing problem a sensible person attempts to "solve" under the present circumstances is that which arises even when the income level is adequate. Given an income of $2,400 or $3,000 per year, what can a family get for it under present conditions in and around our great cities? Precious little. Semi-detached houses whose surrounding open spaces are covered by a multitude of auto drives and garages—that is Flatbush. Rows of mean little single-family houses, backed by wretched little drying-greens and alleys—that is West Philadelphia and Long Island City. Three-, four-, and five-story apartment houses with every modern improvement, but lacking in sunlight, fresh air, beauty, freedom from noise and privacy—that is Boston, Chicago, and the Bronx. These are not permanent homes for women and children; they are dormitory slums.

This is the housing problem that we should be left with *even if every worker had a sufficient money-income;* and it is the problem that the City Housing Corporation has made an extraordinarily interesting step toward answering in the development they are building on the edge of Long Island City, at Sunnyside.

In our modern developments the ordinary builder takes a standard unit house or tenement and repeats it as many times as possible on a standard block. One scheme differs from another by the existence or absence of sun-porches, by the width of the plot being twenty or twenty-five feet. Messrs. Stein and Wright, the designers of the Sunnyside project, proceed on different lines. As the owner of a large parcel of land, limited only by the street system which the city department blankly puts down prior to the actual development, the City Housing Corporation is able to plan its houses as part of a definite neighborhood community. In this way the noisome private garage, which occupies so much space in modern semi-suburban developments, is relegated to a special block near the subway station, eventually to be surrounded by a wall which will conceal it from the passerby. At once a considerable open space is cleared. How does the architect use it?

We know well enough how the ordinary builder would use it, even when, like the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, he is trying to build better homes. He would use from 55 to 90 per cent of each city block for the buildings themselves; the remaining space would be a bleak court or a series of little backyards. In the Sunnyside community, on the other hand, only 28 per cent is taken up by buildings. A small part of the remaining space becomes a drying-green; the rest is thrown into a common park which, under the deed of sale, remains the joint property of the whole community for forty years—after which time it may be divided up among the several owners. Here a wading pool and a sand-pile for the tiny children are provided; here are swings and slides for the youngsters; here are a basketball court and a tennis court. Here, in fact, is a real beginning for a home community which will not be merely a dormitory.

Now these achievements would not be remarkable in a fashionable suburb; what makes them remarkable is that they are done at a cost which makes them commercially practicable for small single- and double-family houses and cooperative apartments, selling at the normal market price to people with an income between $2,400 and $3,000. Given the conditions under which the ordinary builder works, the

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City Housing Corporation, by limiting its profits to 6 per cent, has achieved immeasurably superior results. Sunlight, fresh air, open spaces, opportunity for play, good house design—these are not the idle dreams of Utopians; Mr. Alexander Bing, the initiator of this development, has shown that they can be a sound business proposition.

The typical one-family house is priced at $8,500, with a cash outlay of from $510 to $1,000. The typical two-family house is priced at $11,500, requiring a cash outlay of from $690 to $1,500. The estimated monthly charges are $52 for four rooms and $62 for five rooms.

Why should not the City Housing Corporation's initiative be widely copied? Fundamentally the bad housing of people above the margin of subsistence is due to three causes. There is, first, the waste of speculative profits, which puts into the builders' and the financiers' pockets money which should have gone into the improvement of the house and land. Second, the practice of building and selling in individual units or rows, without being able to group the elements or to achieve aesthetic interest by varying the kind of house, the height of the roof-line, the spacing of the masses, or the framing of trees and shrubbery. Hence the monotony of ordinary city streets, or the capricious, unrestful quality of a great deal of suburban housing—as chaotic as a window full of bric-a-brac. Third, the extension of the city, and the laying down of roads, water-pipes, sewers, and so forth without regard to their actual use by the population which will finally occupy the tract. Hence our business sections usually are blessed with avenues that are much too narrow; while our residence areas have streets far too wide for three-story houses and far too expensively paved.

In the Sunnyside scheme the first two obstacles have been decisively overcome. Sooner or later the third difficulty must be faced; for a much more interesting and jolly arrangement of houses could be achieved, with more lawns and trees and less dreary asphalt and at a lower cost, if the tract could be planned as a whole with a road system which would restrain and canalize, rather than spread out and invite, a great stream of through traffic. As it is, much has been done in overcoming the architectural monotony, if not the wastefulness, of ordinary city development. The simple cubes, with lines properly broken or lengthened and intervals well accented, which Mr. Stein has restricted himself to in designing the Sunnyside houses, are the essence of good architecture. Our smart suburbs have given us, perhaps, an unconscious leaning toward Tudor and Georgian cottages, and buildings that do not make these earlier forms seem a little undomestic and bare; as no doubt the Sunnyside buildings may seem to the casual observer. The critic of architecture, however, who has looked eagerly for some attempt to use modern methods and materials in domestic buildings, and who perpetually is put off by the association of domesticity with archaeology, or, what is just as bad, the habit of giving modern forms the flavor of hospital wards and barracks, will find more promise in Messrs. Stein and Wright's work at Sunnyside than in half the shady triumphs which are hailed as the beginning of a new epoch in architecture—until they are torn down or hidden behind another equally epoch-making building. Those who think that we shall never have a good all-round architecture—as distinct from a handful of show-buildings—until the architect can design his single units with reference to the community as a whole will find a thrill of promise in Sunnyside. As for the plain man and woman, let them take courage from these Sunnyside homes; perhaps the Bronx is not inevitable!

More Coal Strikes Coming?

By HILMAR STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

NOTHING has been really settled by the decision of the miners in the Northern Anthracite District that they would not strike in defiance of their international union and their agreement with the operators. The temporary peace does little toward balming the hurts of either side to the controversy. It carries with it economic defeat for the 12,000 men who have struck for seven weeks and were thrown out of the union. It carries, on the other hand, a political knockout for the district union officials who Mussolinid the situation, for by a majority of those very 12,000 votes they were elected, and by those same votes they may now expect retirement at the regular election next spring, or before. Political reversals, however, are getting to be a tradition in District 1 of the United Mine Workers of America, and the only thing they can ever possibly settle is the fact that the trouble cannot be settled politically.

The activities that broke to the surface with strikes in some of the collieries of the Pennsylvania Coal and Iron Company and the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company on November 17 and finally carried the 60,000 union men in the district almost to the point of a general outlaw strike represent primarily a deep objection to certain working conditions and rates, and then a struggle over the manner in which they should be improved. There is no disagreement about the unsatisfactoriness of working conditions among most of the union men. On the question whether those conditions should be improved only at the period of general wage negotiation for the whole anthracite field, or whether separate local unions should be free to go forth to battle at any time they desire to do so, there has been bitter but usually underground debate. This question has been getting its first real threshing-out since 1912; the vindictive killing (twelve bullets) of a local union official and the explosion of a powder house at one of the collieries were simply means of demonstrating the strong feeling upon the question. That strong feeling, roused and seriously challenged for the first time in many years, is evidence that no settlement such as the present one, based essentially on the *status quo ante*, is likely to last. The ruction has grown too large to be sent back to school and told to be a good boy from now on.

The present wage agreement between the United Mine Workers and the anthracite operators expires next fall. Their agreement provides that conditions and rates shall be thus and so, for the life of the agreement, and that there shall be a conciliation board, composed of three miners and three operators, to decide questions of fact about the agreement. In case of failure to agree, an impartial umpire, paid equally by both sides, decides, also upon the facts. Either the agreement has been violated or it has not. There is no legislating for the industry, no meeting

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new situations by common action. There is a provision, originally put in the agreement by the Roosevelt Commission of 1902 and since retained, that every dispute of either side with the other must be taken to the conciliation board. Parties to a dispute who strike or who lock-out have, supposedly, no standing before the board. This is supposed to make for stability in the industry. Perhaps it does. But in the last five years between 40,000 and 80,000 men have come out each year on petty strikes.

The men with a grievance which has become a grudge against their company take it to the district union officials, demanding action. The district president (who is a member of the conciliation board) looks at the facts and says to himself that the board will never uphold that grievance, for it contains demands which were not granted in the general wage agreement. Nevertheless, because he needs the political support of that local and the others near it, he promises to fight the case. Possibly, knowing that he will incur resentment by losing it, he defers the case. Possibly he presents it and does not press for a decision, hoping the storm will blow over during the delay. Possibly, because he has no training as a lawyer, he presents it poorly, or seems to the men and the local union involved to present it poorly. There are many ropes to hang or be hanged with. The case may lag a year or more and may be decided adversely. If the district president is astute the blame is attached to the agreement or to the conciliation board; if he is not, the blame attaches to him. In either case when another grievance arises at that colliery, the local union cares less about the legality of the situation and more about what it calls "the equity" of it. The local union turns away from the district officials and looks for other means of achieving its ends.

An isolated strike of a single local against a large company with many collieries is not likely to be successful. The next step is to unite the representatives of the local unions of all the collieries of each big company into a general grievance committee. Such a committee can be given power to call all the locals of that company out on strike. This committee is not recognized in the agreement; it has no responsibility for that agreement to the operators or to the international union. It is a frank rank-and-file endeavor to get around the parts of the agreement most unsatisfactory to the miners. One appeared in District 1 in 1900 and was dropped shortly afterward when the union concentrated on building up a strong district union office; it reappeared in 1912 as an organ for the anti-machine forces, only to lose out until 1918, when it came forth with an aggressive program and furnished the leaders for political upheavals in 1921 and 1923. Until recently its main function seemed to be that of an effective opposition to a clever but static machine. The fight was against the union bosses, and after a court had decided that a union election had been stolen by those bosses, the leaders of the old general grievance committee movement were duly elected and installed in the district offices, and all the rebels and progressives hailed the dawn of an era of good times. It was an error of great expectation.

The excitement this winter comes from that error. Rinaldo Cappellini, who won his fame in Pittston in 1920 when he led an unauthorized strike of 12,000 Pennsylvania Coal Company men against the big contractor system, was elected district president in 1923. It was said in the district that in his campaign speeches he promised semi-skilled labor a wage of ten dollars a day if he were elected. In any case his friends, the leaders of the general grievance committees, were sure that he would raise no objection to their customary endeavors to improve conditions for their rank and file. They carried on as usual. The strike of a few Pennsylvania Company collieries on November 17, resulting in a tie-up of the whole company on November 24, was generally understood to have his unofficial approval. Such things are not uncommon. Politically, the district officials cannot afford to outlaw a local union every time it decides that a day or a week's idleness will help an operator to settle a grievance quickly. Even the operators have actually, if not nominally, ceased expecting them to do so. On November 24 Cappellini was out of the district, at the American Federation of Labor Convention. So it seemed a fair day for the Moseses of the Pennsylvania Company general grievance committee to try striking the rock. If it gushed forth, well and good. If it failed to do so, there was simply no water there, and there would be no hard feelings between the general grievance committee and the district. The stage setting was almost, but not quite, perfect.

Somewhere, either among the anthracite operators or among the leaders of the international or among the district officials, there had been growing a distrust of this power of the general grievance committees. The operators may have seen that there was no point in signing a wage agreement with the miners' international and dealing with a district union office if the agreement was to be thus circumvented. The international union, or the district office, may have seen the same point, or some political point. At any rate there came a warning from the international union that the locals involved in the strike would be suspended if the strike were not called off by December 1. The locals could not be convinced that they were doing wrong and continued to strike. They were suspended.

Angry petitions for a district convention thereupon came in from thirty-one locals. Only five were necessary for the purpose. The object of such a convention was to overthrow again the district officials and restore the outlawed locals. The district officials decided to strong-arm it, saying that all the petitions mentioned different causes. Wherefore no convention could be called. All the grievance committees in the district then got together and asked the Pennsylvania Coal Company men if they wanted a general sympathy strike. They could have it if they asked for it. They did not know what they wanted. They asked for a district convention, and this time uniform petitions were used. But they did not get it; the union constitution had been suspended, apparently. Before they found that out, however, another two weeks had gone by, the miners' wives had spoken, the finances of the Pennsylvania men who had been out seven weeks were getting slim, the realization that the enormous power of the international was behind the district had grown, and the idea of a general sympathy strike was voted down. A compromise was effected. The men were to go back to work, their locals were to be reinstated, and their grievances to be taken up in the usual manner.

On the surface it seems to be another victory for law and order. The once outlawed strikers can expect the conciliation board to strain a point or two in their favor, but no more. Actually resentment against the arbitrary and illegal manner in which the strikers were denied an appeal to the district, combined with a realization of the essential and legal inability of the district officers to improve

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conditions, may be expected to lead to large struggles over the technique of control. And in these struggles personal political overthrows will be no more than incidents.

In such a situation, District 1 with its new and yeasty union democracy, its unsoftened racial friction, its long history of official inadequacy, and its union-baiting companies, may be expected to take a lonely lead. In the rest of the region other means of control have been developed, the union has grown up, racial friction has smoldered into unimportance, and the district officials have learned that there are more important union functions than that of playing policeman. In that wisdom their districts have avoided the civil warfare that threatens District 1.

Burrowing in the Budget

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

II

FOUR items in which the Bureau of the Budget can apparently see no hope for any immediately approaching economy have a peculiar interest. Two of them were mentioned in the preceding article. The four are:

The item for the expenses of the Senate and the House of Representatives; the item for the expenses of the President and the White House; the item for the expenses of the Bureau of the Budget itself; and the item for the expenses of the office of Mr. Mellon.

The Senate and the House of Representatives next year, according to the estimates of the Bureau of the Budget, will cost us not anything less but $10,642 more. The President and the White House, according to the estimates of the Bureau of the Budget, will cost us $31 more. The Bureau of the Budget, according to the estimates of the Bureau of the Budget, will cost us $4,982 more. The immediate office of Mr. Mellon, as Secretary of the Treasury, will cost us $1,753 more.

Thus our four prime sources of exhortations to economy will each of them cost us more in the next fiscal year than in this fiscal year.

It has to be said, of course, for the President, that he apparently is on his way toward cutting down the estimates of the Bureau of the Budget for the cost of the maintenance of his state and establishment, even if he has to end by traveling in an upper berth.

In any case, however, the point here broadly made, as it was in the preceding article glancingly made, is not that any item in the list of our national expenditures is bad and wicked if it does not get itself shrunk, but that as a mere matter of contemporary historical scientific fact it is to be noted that an extremely large number of items in the cost of our federal government, instead of going down, as our popular imagining sees them going down, are positively going up.

We have ten federal cabinet departments. Two of them are in their total expenditures plainly going up. One is the Department of Justice. The other is the Department of Labor.

The Department of Labor in the next fiscal year will cost us, if the Bureau of the Budget correctly foresees the future, at least $300,000 more than it is costing us during this fiscal year. The reason for this is principally that we have to spend so much more money now controlling immigration.

The Department of Justice will cost us at least $2,300,000 more. Pretty nearly every detail within the Department of Justice will cost us more. Two amusing details are these:

We shall spend less on "detection and prosecution of crimes."

But we shall spend more on "operation and maintenance of penitentiaries."

In this country we will spend money gladly on anything about crime except actually physically forcibly stopping it at its source. This is the world's greatest country for unchecked crime—and unstaunched criminology.

Besides the Department of Labor and the Department of Justice, which are going up in cost, there is the Department of the Interior, which in its total inclusive expenditures is going down but which (if you eliminate from it such special services as the Pension Bureau and the Indian Office and "payments to States under the mineral-leasing act") is in what the Bureau of the Budget calls its "current operations" going up in cost too. Next year, in its "current operations," it will be more expensive to us by some $355,000. This will be overwhelmingly because of increased expenditures on those great national playgrounds of ours, the federal national parks.

Then there is the Department of Agriculture. It shows (in the budget expectations) a cost reduction next year of more than $8,000,000. If, however, it were not contracting its subsidies to the States for road construction, and if it were not assuming that there will not be another outbreak of the foot-and-mouth disease, for which a large appropriation was this year necessary, its expenditures next year would show no reduction at all and might even show a slight increase.

We may tentatively conclude, therefore, that the probably growing departments of the federal government are Labor, Justice, Interior, and Agriculture. The declining departments, from the standpoint of net cost to the federal government, would seem, on the other hand, to be Commerce, Post Office, State, Treasury, Navy, and War.

Then, however, there are the so-called "independent establishments" which are not within any cabinet department. Among these the following are scheduled by the Bureau of the Budget to cost us more in the next fiscal year:

The Tariff Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the American Battle Monuments Commission, the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, the Board of Tax Appeals, and the Fine Arts Commission.

Also there are certain governmental enterprises which are neither cabinet departments nor yet "independent establishments" but are nurselings directly of the Senate and of the House and are carried as part of the "legislative." These enterprises are the Government Printing Office, the Office of the Architect of the Capitol, the Library of Congress, and the Botanic Garden. They are all scheduled to go up in cost next year.

Finally, even in departments which show a total net decrease in expenditures, there are subdivisions which next year will cost more.

This writer has added together all the main budget items (exclusive of the reduction of the principal of the

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debt and exclusive of "trust funds") which next year will cost more. They total up—that is, their increase of cost totals up—to $10,472,693.

Now note:

These items are numerous. Their total net increase in cost is considerable. They indicate that the Coolidge economy policy does not necessarily pare everything down irrespective of social value—or supposed social value, with the accent, for this writer, on the supposed. Whereupon note comparatively this:

The Coolidge budget proposals, while swelling the above-mentioned items by $10,472,693, shrink the army by $8,609,229 and shrink the navy by $38,150,000. This writer, therefore, while not expressing the slightest personal sympathy with current tendencies, is obliged to note that, even under an administration not much accused of radicalism, there is a considerable expansion of certain non-military activities and there is a really rather drastic contraction of national defense.

In the Driftway

THE editor of *The Nation* is in a quandary and has appealed to the Drifter for advice. It seems that there exists a newspaper syndicate which makes a living by selling to the press apocryphal anecdotes of well-known men or imagined stories which, the news agency declares, they told at a "recent banquet" or at a "gathering of well-known business men." Now, the editor's difficulty is this: The stories attributed to him are not always good—indeed, sometimes they are very bad. So he has traced the syndicate to its lair and has begged and demanded that this portraying him as an after-dinner wit shall cease. In vain. The syndicate refuses his plea to pin these yarns upon the editor of the *Survey* or the *New Republic* or the *Outlook*. He is their pet victim and nobody else shall be.

* * * * *

THE NATION'S chief has even taken counsel of the law of libel, only to find to his disgust that it is no crime to attribute to an innocent man an after-dinner felony like this:

> Oswald Garrison Villard, the brilliant New York reformer, was praising the reparations settlement. "We'll soon have German dyes back again," he said, "and that will be a good thing. Our native dye-makers, with the best will in the world, have not had much success in making dyes from the German recipes, and this is not to be wondered at, for those recipes are very complicated. One of the simpler German dye recipes runs like this: 'Betaamidcalizarin is the reduction of one of the oldest alizarin colors known, namely, alizarin orange, which chemically is nitro-alizarin. When betaamidoanthraquinone is subjected to the identical reaction which produced from anthraquinone sulphonic acid the first synthetic alizarin—that is, the melting of the product with caustic alkali at high temperature—dihydroanthraquinoneazine is obtained."

Now, the editor of *The Nation* confides to the Drifter that he never knew any words like that, doesn't want to know them, and can't see what good they do anybody since nobody would dare to put them into any conceivable cross-word puzzle. (The Drifter cannot conceal the fact that his solemn colleague is a cross-word puzzle fan.)

HERE is still another imagined story the syndicate has foisted on the Drifter's friend:

> Editor Oswald Garrison Villard said at an advertising men's banquet in New York: "Business men are flighty. They have strange crazes. What a ludicrous craze scientific management was. Scientific management was like the old farmer in the malarial swamp district of Maryland. The farmer's son withdrew his knife from his mouth one morning, pushed his plate of pie back wearily, and said: 'Pap, my chill's a-coming on.' 'Be she?' said the farmer, as he rose briskly. 'Wal, hold her jest a minute till I get the churn fixed up fer ye.'"

The Drifter admits that the editor of *The Nation* is up against it. But he has tried—wickedly and vainly—to console his friend by reminding him that it has always been the function of the editor of *The Nation* to be put upon and abused. As proof of that the Drifter has just shown him this gentle extract from some letters of Theodore Roosevelt, written in the nineties and now going the rounds:

> I read an article in the New York *Nation* the other day so foolish, so malignant, so deliberately mendacious, and so exultant that it fairly made me writhe to think of the incalculable harm to decency that scoundrelly paper, edited by its scoundrelly chief, Godkin, has done.
>
> Yours, T. R.

This sounds precisely like the bouquets which the present editor of *The Nation* receives in almost every issue of *Ed Howe's Monthly*. All of which makes the writer of these lines rejoice that he is not the boss and whipping-boy of *The Nation*, but just THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Right Thing in the Wrong Way?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President Coolidge has solved the problem of high rents in Washington by establishing a rent commission to fix the rates landlords may charge. At least he thinks he has solved it, for in his quiet, masterly way he has turned the bill over to Congress with instructions that it be passed, no doubt saying to himself with a satisfied air, "Well, so much for that." But can you keep rents down by legal enactment? I fear, as is so often the case with protectionists, that he is trying to do the right thing in the wrong way, just as they create monopolies by a tariff and then curb them by the Sherman act. He sees one thing plainly, namely, that any increase in the pay of the army of federal employees will simply be diverted into the capacious maw of the Washington landowners. But the more he fixes rents the quicker investment builders will quit and down will go the supply of houses, and the working of the law of supply and demand will again jack up rents in spite of all the jail sentences of the commission.

Won't some one please tell the President what we are doing in Pittsburgh? Here we increase the tax burden on vacant ground and lessen it on buildings by 50 per cent, thus encouraging the investment builder and forcing home-sites on the market at a lower price at the same time. New York followed our example when she relieved new homes from taxation for a period of ten years. Hundreds of thousands of new homes were built and rents kept within bounds. An official of one of the insurance companies calculated that they could supply apartments at $1.50 per room lower rental per month by reason of this tax exemption.

It is interesting to note the workings of a mind bent on protection. Protect the poor renters from the exactions of the rapacious landlord; and at the same time put a high tax on

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him for supplying homes to the government employees. Of course the foreigner pays the tariff tax but who pays the house tax? Here in Pittsburgh we have discovered that the tenant pays the tax on the house and that when you tax houses you are merely raising rents. If taxes on houses are high and rents are regulated no new houses will be built, for capital never flows in unprofitable channels. Then the officials will wake up some day and find that the problem is not solved after all and that the supply of new homes has vanished.

Perhaps the Pittsburgh plan is too simple for these best minds. Regulation sounds so expert and all that. I can see now the indignation on the swivel-chair occupant's face as he exclaims, Do you mean to say that a mere change in the tax laws would solve the housing problem?

Pittsburgh, January 17 WM. N. MCNAIR

Post Office Economy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a report issued by Postmaster General Harp on January 1, 1922, he stated that in the past year there had been a deficiency in the Post Office Department of 150 million dollars, a great part of it due to the granting of 78 million dollars additional to the railroads for haulage. He went on to state that greater economy would have to be practiced. A few millions could be saved by "efficiency" measures among the employees; already a number of clerks had been eliminated and the carrier force would be "investigated" for the same purpose, which was later done. Ever since then this economy under the pseudonym of efficiency has placed greater burdens on the employees. The employees mostly bear these burdens and are satisfied if they can obtain a small crumb in the form of a few extra dollars for their labor.

Most people believe that the postal employees' jobs are a sinecure, that they have lifetime jobs protected by the civil service. In that they are misinformed, for in private employment there are not any greater wage slaves than in the government service. If a man shows even a slight independence in protest against injustices of petty bosses, he is a marked man. I had such an experience and it culminated in my removal from the service after twenty-one years' work, giving the best years of my life at the work, and although I was a sick and ailing man I was even refused a disability annuity which the law makes provision for.

Scranton, Pa., December 23 NATHAN A. STONE

Newspaper Corrections

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Paul W. Kearney's complaint in your issue of January 7 of the treatment by the newspapers of his correcting letters raises the question what is to be done in such and similar cases, which no doubt are becoming increasingly frequent. On the one hand, the newspaper is not a common carrier and, on the other hand, resort to the advertising columns is at best an expensive and an inadequate remedy. With the rising cost of newspaper production a limit must be placed upon the items which the management does not itself select, and yet with the potent force of the press in forming public opinion and the impossibility of reaching such opinion except through a gradually contracting press there is being brought about a condition that should call for serious thought. Maybe the radio will do something toward a solution. It is noticeable how few "communications" the papers print these days.

It may be that since the tendency of daily newspaper production is toward monopoly, legislation will be in order that will treat and regulate the industry like such other franchises as banking, insurance, auctioneering, public utilities, etc.; and since the self-professed function of the press is to instruct, it may be laying the foundation for the gradual building up of a jurisdiction over it by the State Board of Regents, whose authority is to license pedagogues and pedicures, colleges and schools, and if it extends to educators, why not also to editors?

New York, January 10 B. T.

New Morals for Old

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished looking through "Our Changing Morality" [the title in book form of *The Nation's* series on New Morals for Old]. It is a real achievement. Undoubtedly you have been told that often enough to know it, but I want to go on record. It is the best of all contributions to thought, for I am sure it will create it where it never existed before. But, best of all, it sets the example of articulateness. Certainly talking them over is the only way these everlasting problems are going to be triumphed over. It used to be the women who were dumb; now it is the men who are inclined to seek delay in silence. The greatest obstacle to adjustment and to happiness that marriage offers is, I believe, the difficulty of any real talk, which seems very often to follow upon it.

Congratulations!

Washington, D. C., January 9 FLORENCE BOECKEL

Contributors to This Issue

R. F. DIBBLE, author of "Strenuous Americans," has written a biography of John L. Sullivan, which will appear in the spring.

ELLEN LA MOTTE is the author of "The Backwash of War" and "The Ethics of Opium."

LEWIS MUMFORD is a contributor to current magazines and author of "A History of Utopias."

HILMAR STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH, author of "The Anthracite Question," is the co-author with Sally C. Wood of a forthcoming book, "Union Community Control."

IRWIN EDMAN as philosopher and poet is well known to readers of *The Nation.*

HERBERT W. HORWILL is a Liberal British journalist with a considerable American experience.

THEODORE STANTON is a member of the Agen Academy of Arts, Letters, and Sciences.

JACOB ZEITLIN is associate professor of English at the University of Illinois.

Is Monogamy Feasible?

For the benefit of the 450 New York subscribers who were not able to secure seats at the third Nation Dinner, and those out-of-town readers who would have liked to be present, we are printing a limited edition of the stenographic report of the speeches and discussion. This will be in the form of a twenty-four page pamphlet. Price 35 cents. Order from *The Nation,* 20 Vesey Street, New York.

Warning!

Four hundred and fifty people applied for seats at the Third Nation Dinner too late. There are still good seats left for the Fourth Dinner, February 13. Telephone Whitehall 7730.

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Books and Plays

Ballet School

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Fawns in the winter wood
Who feel their horns, and leap,
Swans whom the bleakening mood
Of evening stirs from sleep,
Tall flowers that unfurl
As a moth, driven, flies,
Flowers with the breasts of a girl,
And sea-cold eyes—
The bare bright mirrors glow
For their enchanted shapes.
Each is a flame, and so,
Like flame, escapes.

First Glance

AMONG autobiographies of another day few deserved a new edition more than the "Memoir of Thomas Bewick" (London: John Lane; 10/6). Finished just before the death of Bewick in 1828, the "Memoir" was not published at all until 1862, and in recent years it has been rather difficult to come across. Printed now in a tall, light volume with an introduction by Selwyn Image and with numerous illustrations from Bewick's own woodcuts, it should assist—if any assistance is necessary—in fixing the reputation of one of the most engaging of English artists. The late Austin Dobson never lost an opportunity to speak of Bewick; his book on the artist and his pupils, together with his "Vignette" on the famous tail-pieces, undoubtedly did much to promote the vogue of the "Select Fables," the "Quadrupeds," and the "British Birds." And it is gratifying to see more and more Bewick items in the lists of English booksellers. But Bewick, unfortunately, is still unknown to many who would prize him as the thing he strove to be, an accurate imitator of nature, even if they were not interested in him as the man who at the end of the eighteenth century revived the art of the woodcut and sent it on its modern way. To such persons he could have no better introduction than the present volume, which tells his story in simple terms and perfectly reveals the shrewd yet gentle disposition behind all of his many works.

As a boy on a farm at Cherryburn Bewick evinced his genius by two enthusiasms which never afterward flagged. One was for drawing, though he had never seen anyone else draw; the other was for nature, though doubtless he had never heard any of his neighbors say two good words for that abstraction. He found himself "figuring whatever I had seen" on gravestones, the floor of the church porch, the flags of the hearth at home, and the walls of nearby houses. And as he grew up he not only continued to work with ink and crayon; he went forever about the country storing his mind with images of things which delighted him. The early pages of his "Memoir" call the roll of these —men and boys hunting, and animals hunted; sheep herded by himself both in tame and in wild places; the decaying houses of the gentry; hollow trees at the bend of a stream, and boys wading there or crossing on stilts; anglers' rods stuck in the turf; riders with saddle-bags; cockfights in the village, with odd, excited faces grouped around; ghosts in dusky lanes, and devils squatting under roadside rocks; laborers' low-lying cottages; scarecrows; beggars; trees in snow and rain and wind and sleet; and birds and beasts—particularly these—in all their known conditions. Here was more than enough material for a lifetime devoted to woodcuts, and much of this, indeed, never found form outside of the "Memoir." I do not remember, for instance, any vignette of one poor cottager who was addicted to astronomy: "I think I see him yet, sitting on a mound, or seat, by the hedge of his garden, regardless of the cold, and intent upon viewing the heavenly bodies; pointing to them with his large hands, and eagerly imparting his knowledge with a strong voice such as one now seldom hears." Perhaps this is picture enough.

When at fourteen Bewick left Cherryburn for Newcastle to become an engraver's apprentice it almost broke his heart to bid farewell "to the whinny wilds, to Mickley Bank, to the Stob-cross hill, to the water banks, the woods, and to particular trees." But he was to see them all again, and many times; for during all the years until his parents died he walked home every week from Newcastle, never inquiring beforehand "whether it was a good day or a bad one." Thus the passion of the man confirmed the enthusiasm of the boy, and thus came to be cut in wood those tail-pieces for the "Quadrupeds" and the "British Birds" which must keep the fame of Bewick long alive. The Chillingham Bull and the Mute Swan are admirable; but these tiny, flawless renderings of boy and barn and roof and snowy road were executed by a good and gifted man who could not rest until he had communicated his homely vision to others in the world.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Art of Love

Our Changing Morality. A Symposium. Edited by Freda Kirchwey. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

THE word "morals," which in its most generous use connotes the architecture of a clear and beautiful life, is for most imaginations inescapably connected with the urgencies and indecisions of sex. The reasons are not far to seek. Love may not be the whole of life, nor is it by love, as Dante and W. S. Gilbert both believe, that the world is made to go round. But it is natural enough that that impulse should absorb the minds which most electrically enlists the bodies of human animals. It is natural, too, in a generation groping toward light and freedom, that sex should appear a cardinal case of the deathless conflict between native impulse and traditional repressions. Even Casanova appears to have had some interests besides sex; there are obviously many other human absorptions, like business, sport, philosophy and the arts, industry and government, which are undergoing revision and striking out toward new patterns. But the change in the attitude toward sex is as good an index as one might wish of the changing ideals of our time. What we believe concerning the most intimate and poignant of personal relations is a more telling fact than would be our manicured attitudes toward more elegant and less passionate concerns.

I do not think that an informed reader will get from this book any startling new light on our changing sex morality. But he will surely find in it a fine specimen of candor, freshness, and freedom turned upon a subject too often treated with dogma, smartness, or hysterics. The book, if anything, could afford to be a little smarter and more colorful than it is. But

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the net impression that these writers give is that they are talking, not shouting, and talking out of adult intelligence and relevant information. The articles, which originally appeared in the pages of *The Nation*, offer an interesting intimation as to how moral questions might be fruitfully dealt with. The tangles of industry, of marriage and divorce, of education and government, will never be solved by unction or indignation. If we are ever to find some congenial order for our lives we must look into the chaos of our experience, and the clamoring of our own hearts, and seek there the means and the ends of a regenerative wisdom.

Various minds and trainings are gathered here to throw the light of fact and the heat of sincerity on the problem of sex. The lights vary in brilliance, intensity, and precision. I doubt whether anyone who had ever traveled, or read Locke or Hume or the daily newspapers, would find anything new in what Bertrand Russell has to say about Styles in Ethics. But he will be reminded by that live lucidity which is Mr. Russell's gift that there are styles, not eternities, in ethics. He will have his attention recalled to the fact that many of our traditional modes in sex relations are simply stones in that "prison house in which the source of poetry and beauty and life is incarcerated by priests in black gowns." The rapid unnoticed increase in the ease of divorce will be offered to him by Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays as evidence that revolutionary changes in our laws and behavior occur unnoticed, "while our delusions persist and our sense of conservatism remains satisfied."

Some familiar questions about men and women are broached and tentatively answered by anthropologists like Goldenweiser and Vaerting. The latter reinforces her well-known thesis that the physically dominant sex is determined by the economic and social conditions of the society in which men and women live. Mr. Goldenweiser deals with the old question as to the reasons for the relative scarcity of genius among women. This he accounts for by a lower rate of variability among females, but also by their exclusion from cultural activities in the past, and by a tendency toward a limitation to the "concrete, the technical, and the human."

Those essays in the volume are really arresting, however, which show their authors engaged in regarding sex, like any other impulse or human capacity, as the difficult and recalcitrant material of a beautiful and flowering art of life. Mr. Krutch makes this general point in a quietly impressive essay on Modern Love and Modern Fiction. What makes contemporary novelists interesting is not their preoccupation with sex emancipation but their eagerness and concern with a realizing art of love. And the same theme is echoed in different language and in different contexts by Floyd Dell and Ludwig Lewisohn. We have killed, according to Mr. Dell, the possibility of genuine and free extra-marital friendships between men and women by regarding such relations as sins or as sacraments. We have added to the difficulty, says Mr. Lewisohn, of that rare felicity, a perfect union between soul and soul, body and body, by erecting—as respectable bonds—fetters that are wicked, killing, and obscene.

The same melodious ideal seems to stir most of the writers in this volume. The only resort to moral theories or moral codes is for the help they may provide toward complete personalities and complete lives, where all is, in so far as may be, rich, creative, and significant. Where the protoplasmic basis of life and happiness is twisted and awry, there is little hope that the other interests of our lives will be a fluent music. As Mrs. Leavenworth points out, the good and the gay have been forever separated in theory; the respectable and the lovely have been at war in the world. In their new freedom, Edwin Muir asks, are women simply freeing themselves to become the slaves, along with men, of a standardized, meaningless world?

Love is an intrinsic, tormenting, and inalienable beauty. It is the dangerous source of all possible good. To succeed in it is to turn the intensity of animal fire into the most personal and intimate of glories. The new morality of sex toward which these writers are working is not a rigid code but a flexible art. They insist, and unanswerably, that when the race fails to make of love a success it has failed to make of life a good, and of existence a possible, and the chief possible, happiness.

IRWIN EDMAN

American Government Up to Date

American Government and Politics. By Charles A. Beard. Fourth edition. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

MR. BEARD has a conscience. He has resisted the temptation which besets the author of every textbook that is in constant demand to leave well enough alone. If it maintains a steady sale, why put oneself to the trouble of revising, much less rewriting it? The other day I had occasion to consult a useful manual of American government which was first issued about twenty years ago. I wanted to bring up to date my knowledge of certain features of the American political system which have been greatly developed during the last two decades. To my surprise and disappointment I found that the latest edition, bearing a quite recent date, was identical with the first except for a new preface. During the whole of this interval every "new edition," so called, has been no more than a reprint. One might as well republish, without alteration, a nineteenth-century treatise on biology or physics.

The foreign student of American affairs is especially handicapped by this lazy perpetuation of the obsolete and obsolescent. American readers, from their recollection of the course of events, can supply the necessary corrections and additions for themselves to a great extent. But the stranger, who does not read an American paper every day of his life, is mainly dependent on textbooks for his information on constitutional and political changes. If he has to trust to a mere reproduction of twenty-year-old information he is left entirely in the dark as to such important matters as the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth amendments, the increasing practice of direct government in state and local affairs, the introduction of a budget system at Washington, the Federal Reserve Act, and the new provisions for naturalization.

He therefore owes Mr. Beard hearty thanks for undertaking the laborious task of overhauling his treatise on "American Government and Politics"—a work which, on its first appearance, in 1910, deservedly gained a place in the front rank. The book, indeed, has not only been completely revised but largely rewritten. The author's diligence in the effort to make it abreast of the times exhibits itself in every chapter. In addition to discussing the changes above mentioned, he notes, and estimates the significance of, such matters as the formation of the farm bloc, the power of the La Follette group in the Senate, the civil-service reform embodied in last year's Classification Act, the Comptroller Craig contempt-of-court case, Daugherty's use of the injunction, the Governor of Oklahoma's proclamation of military rule, the use of the radio in electioneering, and President Coolidge's methods in building up his political machine. He utilizes, among his sources, such recent publications as the letters of Walter Hines Page and Franklin K. Lane. He is even modern enough to draw an illustration from mah jong!

The author shows his possession of a conscience in another respect also. He is not afraid to strip off the coating of humbug which conceals so much of the real working of the American political system from the reader who trusts to the expositions of it by writers who are above all things careful to avoid a suspicion of unpatriotic heterodoxy. I imagine that some people will question whether he is hundred-per-cent American, but no one can doubt that he is hundred-per-cent honest, and for that quality, again, the foreign student will owe him an unusual debt of gratitude.

Mr. Beard does not hesitate, for instance, to refer to legends as legends. It was "a story," he says, of Governor Coolidge's

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action in a police strike that made him a national figure. He offers a wholesome protest against recent invasions, official and otherwise, of the right of freedom in the expression of opinion. He gives ample evidence for his statement that "in actual practice, during American participation in the World War and for many months afterward, federal authorities played fast and loose" with the principles of personal liberty set forth in the Constitution. He reaches the startling, but quite warrantable, conclusion that a certain judgment of the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors means that, in regard to the expression of opinion, "aliens have the status of slaves." He criticizes the assumption of military and naval officers that they can claim special authority on foreign policy. "It is their business," he points out, "to determine as well as they can what engines of war are necessary for defense and offense under certain circumstances. It is the business of the American people to decide what kind of foreign policy is to be pursued." He is candid enough, too, to "put aside all rhetoric" in his discussion of the Monroe Doctrine, and to recognize that, in fact, its present official interpretation brings the entire Caribbean region within the sphere of the national supremacy of the United States and involves the protection, by the United States Government, of the extensive commercial and industrial interests of American capitalists in Mexico and Central America. Though nominally independent, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua are, he declares, for practical purposes protectorates of the United States, dominated, if not governed, by the State Department under the military power of the President, without any sanction having been given by Congress to this "somewhat anomalous situation." Mr. Beard, in short, has obeyed the famous injunction, "Clear your mind of cant," and that alone goes far to make this volume an especially valuable and trustworthy guide to any reader, native or foreign, who wishes to see the American political system as it really is.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Modern Troubadours

Le Jasmin d'Argent. Concours de Poésies: 1924. Auch: Sauriac.

Lou Rigo-Rago Agenés. Nouvelle Edition. Charles Ratier. Agen: Ferran.

WHILE we in the United States are doing everything we can to blot out the foreign tongues in our midst—a year ago a New York alderman seriously proposed to make it a misdemeanor to speak in public any other language than English—in all parts of France, especially in Brittany and in the South and Southeast, there have long been organized efforts among the intellectuals to preserve the crumbling but picturesque and ancient dialects. Jasmin in Gascony during the first half of the last century and Mistral in Provence during the second half are, perhaps, the most outstanding figures in this renaissance of the French patois. The touching struggle between the aesthetic past and the prosaic present is still going on. An interesting example of it is now being furnished at Agen, the quaint capital of medieval Agenais, where one of its leading lawyers, M. Jacques Amblard, has given new life to the dialect which his fellow-townsman, "the barber poet," Jacques Jasmin, made famous in Louis Philippe's time.

The society which he established in 1920 offers each year in some one of the historic châteaux of the region—and how rich this part of France is in such relics of the past!—a subscription ball, on which festive occasion the committee of the society also distributes the annual prizes for poetry in both French and patois awarded by a jury composed of M. Marcel Prévost of the French Academy, chairman; M. Amblard, secretary; and college professors and men and women of letters of the region. The prize consists of a dainty jewel representing a jasmine blossom much more artistically fashioned than the flowers of the famous Jeux Floraux of the neighboring city of Toulouse. It was a pretty idea, the associating of this sweetly perfumed bud with the name of the genial local poet.

The first ball and awards occurred in 1921, and the fourth took place a few months ago at the Château de Poudenas, with Comte and Comtesse de Nadaillac as host and hostess. The proceedings are chronicled in a pretty édition-de-luxe volume whose preface is from the delicate pen of that graceful poetess, the Comtesse de Noailles, and whose illustrations are from the equally charming pencil of the Gascon artist Barlangue. To those interested in the patois of this part of France "Le Jasmin d'Argent" offers several excellent examples of the work of its living poets, and those who would go still further into the subject we refer to the second booklet mentioned above, in which a master-hand in this dialect, the banker-poet, M. Charles Ratier, shows what it is capable of when treated with skill and taste.

THEODORE STANTON

Tragic Central Europe

The Collapse of Central Europe. By Karl Friedrich Nowak. E. P. Dutton and Company. $8.

The Great Betrayal. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

TRACING the causes of the collapse of Central Europe's military supremacy, Mr. Nowak intimates that Germany owes her misfortune to the greatness of General Ludendorff who, in the author's narrative, is a military *Uebermensch.* For years the general had kept the world in breathless amazement with his almost superhuman efficiency. He was familiar with the least conspicuous springs of Germany's immense war machine. During the war he was the motor power not only behind the military but also behind the diplomatic operations of the German Empire. Chancellors rose and chancellors fell according to the general's will. Even the Kaiser was a mere super in the somber drama of which Ludendorff was the hero. He was jealously guarding his independence, which verged on formal sovereignty. In the crown councils he would quite openly order the emperor not to interfere with the work of the Supreme Army Command and the emperor would not dare make any comment on the general's incursions into the domain of the imperial prerogatives. General Ludendorff was a fanatical admirer of his own strength. For that reason he had a fanatical contempt for the strength of all the rest of the world. Germany's great war was his own war and for over four years he was able to carry it on almost single-handed.

Therefore when the general lost hope of victory the war was all but lost for Germany. No one else could take over the supreme command because he had let nobody learn the game. Thus the fate overtook imperial Germany which had befallen the tyrannies of former ages. The autocracies of Alexander the Great and of Oliver Cromwell had lasted only so long as the two dictators lived. They had founded great commonwealths solely upon their own genius. When they died their realms vanished with them. Germany lost when Ludendorff became tired. Besides, the general had no comprehension of diplomatic aims. He allowed the Allies to take the initiative on all fronts of the diplomatic battlefield. He was afraid that by giving the German diplomats liberty of action he might be relegated to a less conspicuous place than the one he held.

On the other hand, Mr. Nowak tells us, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was "overdiplomatized" during the last years of the war. Emperor Karl had his own diplomatic adventures, as the notorious Sixtus letters attested. The Austrian ministers, busily engaged in regrouping the monarchy's nationalities, forgot to take care of the needs of the army. Hungary, with her surplus of food, let Austria and the field forces starve until discontent ravaged the morale of the front soldiers. One could not discern in the monarchy the least trace of that great conception of modern warfare which gave Ludendorff to Germany. Austria was bungling its way toward destruction. Half measures, coming at the wrong moment, always late, fur-

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nished the world with evidence of the impotence of Austria's rulers.

In his introductory note Viscount Haldane calls the book "very brilliant." It is in fact an absorbingly interesting account of the collapse of Central Europe, couched in language which in its picturesqueness and dramatic force makes the book stand out conspicuously among the great mass of war annals. Although, quite obviously, the author was working with the aid of material held at his disposal by Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorff, and therefore felt duty-bound to elevate the marshal to a higher plane of distinction than is due him, one cannot question that in other respects he gave an exceedingly accurate account of the last days of the existence of Mitteleuropa. In two subsequent volumes which as yet have appeared only in German, "The Chaos" and "The Road Toward Catastrophe," the author surveys the events of the post-armistice period in much the same vein as he has opened here.

A vivid account of the collapse of the Asiatic dominion of Greece is given in Mr. Bierstadt's book. His contention is that the United States is guilty of the "betrayal" of Greece by disavowing President Wilson's promises concerning the nationalities of Turkey and the occupation by the Greeks of a part of Anatolia. The author's explanation is that the interests of American industrial and banking potentates are so closely bound up with Turkish supremacy in Asia Minor and with the present Turkish policy of oil and railway concessions that, for their sake, official America disregarded the interests of educational and mission workers who, we are assured, had been demanding active military intervention in Asiatic Turkey and the armed protection of Smyrna's Greek occupying forces. American imperialism, he contends, is responsible for the failure of this country to defend Greek militarism in Asia Minor with American men-of-war.

Mr. Bierstadt comments at great length on an article printed some time ago in *The Nation* and entitled The Turkish Myth, written in defense of the Moslem civilization. In connection with this article Mr. Bierstadt reiterates his belief that there is not a grain of real evidence to support the contention that Turkey has turned over a new leaf in her internal policy and more particularly in her attitude toward the Greeks, the Armenians, and the other nationalities. His arguments in favor of using American guns against Turkey suggest that in his great compassion for the educational and missionary interests of humanity he would not be averse to seeing all the incorrigible Turks exterminated "pro gloria Dei."

EMIL LENGYEL

Drama and Morals

Comedy and Conscience after the Restoration. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

MR. KRUTCH set himself in this book to discover the extent to which the transition from the ideals of the Restoration drama to those of the drama of sentiment at the end of the seventeenth century was due to the attacks of Jeremy Collier. The problem was somewhat arbitrarily conceived. Collier's attack, as Mr. Krutch fully recognizes, was directed against the very life of the drama. The indecencies of the ruling comedy supplied him with damaging ammunition. He was bent on destruction and not on cleansing, and there is no evidence that he gave any comfort at all to the playwrights of the new school. The only result that could be expected from his censoriousness was a purification of tone, and this need not have carried with it any alteration in the spirit of comedy. It was inevitable, therefore, that Mr. Krutch's investigation should shift ground and inquire into other causes to account for the change that took place.

Primarily he sees the change as a protest against the immorality of Restoration plays, originating before Collier's pamphlet and availing itself of Collier as an accidental but powerful ally. In this explanation he takes issue with Professor Bernbaum, who in his "Drama of Sensibility" imputes a clear satiric, and therefore moral, intention to dramatists like Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh. Mr. Krutch's view of these plays as, with rare exceptions, reproducing cynically and impudently the licentious and debauched manners prevailing in the court of Charles II is the more plausible, but Professor Bernbaum is much nearer the heart of the matter when it comes to accounting for the rise and vogue of sentimental comedy. There are, undeniably, quite different conceptions of human nature at the bottom of the two schools. In stating this difference, in tracing the earlier manifestations of sentimentalism, and in relating its developments in the comedy of the eighteenth century to parallel developments in fiction, essay, and moral philosophy, Professor Bernbaum has given much the more thoughtful and satisfactory account of the phenomenon. To dismiss his discussion with a casual phrase in the concluding pages is not fair to the work of a predecessor and is, moreover, not in accordance with the procedure which may properly be looked for in a study of this character, which is not a literary essay but a piece of methodical research. It is, we regret to add, a typical failing. We have a right to look for, but we do not find a systematic summary of the work of other scholars on the subject such as should make us aware of what is new and what familiar in Mr. Krutch's findings. His additions to our knowledge consist of fuller descriptions than exist elsewhere of the Collier controversy, the activities of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and the various official measures taken to regulate the stage. He also with much elaboration makes a point of the growth of criticism as a factor in the transformation of comedy, but the critical dogmas that he discovers are those of the neo-classical school and have no special relevance to sentimentalism. So much having been said of the shortcomings of his work, it is only fair to Mr. Krutch to add that his critical estimates of plays and playwrights are sound and pointed.

The book has two useful bibliographies, one of critical works published between 1660 and 1700 (from which we note the omission of David Abercromby's quite significant "Discourse of Wit" of 1685), and one of the Collier controversy. There is no general bibliography bearing upon later discussion of Restoration Comedy, and no index.

JACOB ZEITLIN

Books in Brief

Der Kaplan. Aufzeichnungen aus einem Leben. By Joseph Bernhart. München: Musarion Verlag.

Germany's enormous post-war literary output has been, largely, as confused and disquieting as her troubled political and economic condition might have led one to expect. But sane, hopeful, and beautiful books have been written in Germany in the last few years, and one of the finest of them is this record of the 'prentice years of a young Catholic chaplain. It is for the most part spiritual autobiography, dimmed on every page by doubt, hardship, and injustice, but everywhere devout and loving and instructive.

The Tragedy of Hungary. By Louis K. Birinyi. Published by the Author. $3.

In the guise of an appeal for world peace the author presents the case of the Hungarian Hitlerites. He is of the opinion that feudal Hungary as it existed before the war was a bulwark of democracy and that its oppression of the nationalities was a myth invented by foreign agitators. The present reactionary regime of Admiral Horthy has the unbounded confidence of the author. All the well-known stock phrases of the Hungarian reactionaries are to be found in this book, which in addition to its very pronounced bias against liberalism in Hungary is full of positive errors. The author succeeded in making Senator La Follette believe that the cause he advocates is

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worthy of the Senator's support. When submitting the gravamina of Mr. Birinyi to the Senate some time ago, Mr. La Follette must have acted under the impression that he championed a worthy cause. Unfortunately this is not the case. "Pacifism," "liberalism," and "international understanding" are only convenient devices intended to enlist the support of progressives in aid of anti-pacifism and anti-liberalism in Hungary.

Drama

Mr. Hampden's Othello

MR. WALTER HAMPDEN'S admirable production of "Othello" (Shubert Theater) is completely without frills. He seems to have approached the play with an admiration which, however intense, was still "this side idolatry," and to have believed that it possessed no difficulties or mysteries not solvable by intelligence. He has given it a setting which is beautiful but entirely realistic, and he has given it an interpretation to match. Nowhere is there any attempt to raise either hero or villain above the human level or to make them other than human actors in an essentially realistic tale. His Othello is a man cast in the heroic mold and majestic because of the strength of his passions, but without tantalizing mysteries; even Iago, convincingly portrayed by Mr. Baliol Holloway, is not so much a monster of iniquity as merely a man who can find no rational basis for ethics and who can consequently satisfy a perfectly human lust for power by playing upon those less free than himself. Mr. Hampden seems to ask of his audience no preliminary prejudice in Shakespeare's favor and to demand no concessions from those whose minds are essentially rational.

All in all his conception is the most fruitful one possible, because of the three great tragedies of Shakespeare none is intellectually so close to us as the tragedy of "Othello." Its fable, unlike the fable of "Macbeth," is entirely rational, and even stripped of its poetry it would still seem both compelling and terrible. It moves us by its logic and it does not, like "Hamlet," require that incomparable poetry, now majestic and now playful, shall bewitch our minds until they are ready to accept not merely the superstitions of primitive religion but also the premises of a barbarous ethic. Perhaps the time will come (as the great enemy of bardology would doubtless maintain) when Othello's maddened rage at the thought of the treachery of his wife will seem to us as unreasonable as Hamlet's horror over the mere fact that his mother has married her husband's brother, or his feeling, drawn from the barbarian code, that only a personal revenge can bring peace to his father's ghost. But that time is not yet. We may, it is true, when Othello cries out

> Oh curse of marriage,
> That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
> And not their appetite

revolt a little at the ideal of possession there implied. We may feel that here as elsewhere Shakespeare's conception of feminine character and of the place of woman in the scheme of things was narrowly masculine and, turning our backs upon what was once the conventional opinion, confess that his portraits of women are less understanding than those of men. Yet these are minor matters. Time has put no impassable gap between us and the passion with which the tragedy is concerned; Othello is almost a modern hero.

Doubtless the play is to us a more complicated one than it was to most of Shakespeare's contemporaries. Every few generations the critics make it over by stressing some new aspect of its implications, but the fact remains that it can thus be made over without, apparently, reading into it anything which was not already there. To those who saw it on its first representation it needed no explanation, for it was to most merely a story of natural revenge; to us it is more than that.

THE REFORGING OF RUSSIA

By Edwin W. Hullinger

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By Prof. A. L. P. Dennis

The price of this book was inadvertently announced in The Nation as $7.00. The correct price is $5.00.

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THE MIDWINTER BOOK NUMBER OF THE NATION

with the Prize Poem for 1925, the first of Edwin Muir's Modern British Writers—his article on D. H. Lawrence, Mary Austin's introduction to the new series, Can an Artist Exist in America? Articles and reviews by Harry Elmer Barnes, W. E. Woodward, Melville J. Herskovits, Oswald Garrison Villard, and others.

OUT NEXT WEEK

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We sympathize with Othello as we would sympathize with no ordinary man, because we see in him something more than the victim of ordinary jealousy. Another might seem to be justly damned for his too little faith, but how could this Moor, new to civilization and new to women, have any knowledge upon which to base faith? The meaning of Desdemona's charm and youth was to him, like the meaning of the strange Venetian civilization, wholly unknown. He had no experience to tell him whether good or evil lay behind it, and whether in leaving his own world of rough virtue for the world of sophistication and polish he was entering upon a new and beautiful existence or merely falling victim to a corruption which was only outwardly fair. Desdemona he considered as a symbol and a criterion. If she was good then all would be good; if she was false all would be false and "chaos come again." Infinitely more than the mere faith of a wife hung in the balance, for faith in mankind was at stake. His revenge was a revenge not against her but against society because her apparent treachery did more than wound his vanity. It told him that the whole existence which he tested by her was rotten and that there was nothing in all the world which he, a fighter, could think worth fighting for. Mr. Hampden was given by nature the majestic voice and bearing necessary to make Othello great in his defeat, and intelligence has enabled him to use them. We are not likely to see soon a better "Othello."

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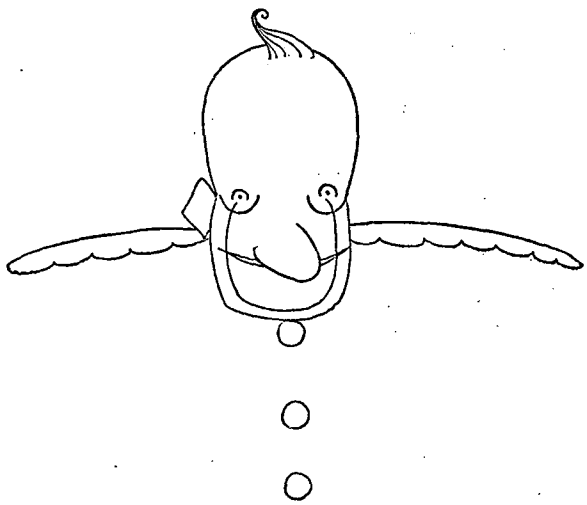
International Relations Section

The Peril of Spain

DURING the recent revolt against Spain Paul Scott Mowrer paid a visit to the Sultan of the Riff. We reprint his impressions from the *Weekly Westminster* (London).

The state known as the Riff is a rebel state, and enjoys as yet no formal recognition on the part of foreign governments. It is not, as has sometimes been implied, a republic but a primitive Moslem despotism, an adventure in African statecraft. And yet it is a state, with a state's attributes, which are, primarily, the power of self-defense, the power to collect taxes, and the power to enforce order.



Bagaria in *l'Europe Nouvelle*

Primo de Rivera, Spanish Dictator, who has recently been defeated by the Sultan of the Riff

Its absolute head is the Sultan, Abd el Krim, by whose abilities it was organized, and on whose prestige and power its existence apparently depends. This remarkable man is forty-two years old. His father was cadi—that is, judge—at Ajdir, the scattered village which is now the Riff capital, on the shores of Alhucemas Bay, in the land of the Sons of Uriaghel. Abd el Krim was educated in the religious school at Fez, then became cadi in the Spanish town of Melilla, on the North African coast. During the World War he was imprisoned for nearly a year by the Spaniards for "talking Moroccan independence."

Abd el Krim has never been out of Morocco but once, when he made a brief trip to Malaga in Spain, but he speaks Spanish well, and knows something of European ways through his long contact with the Spanish. He warned them, he told me, that they were heading toward "a new Cuba" in the Riff, because of their failure to understand native psychology, but they gave no heed. In 1920 he went back into the Riff and found it teeming with revolt. General Sylvestre's ill-fated column of 20,000 men advanced. At Anual it was ambushed, cut off, and destroyed by the Riffain tribesmen.

"Who planned the Riffain victory?" I asked Abd el Krim.

"God planned it," he answered, "but I was present."

Anual was the foundation of Abd el Krim's prestige and of the new North African State, which, whether one likes it or not, now exists. The booty of the Riffain victory—guns, ammunition, supplies, trinkets, money, mules—was not dispersed and wasted, but collected and stored. The loosely associated tribes were first confederated, then welded together around Abd el Krim's tribe, the Sons of Uriaghel. Feuds between families and tribes have been abolished. Order has been established. The Koranic taxes are collected, and Koranic justice is enforced rigidly. Life and property and travel, in the Riff itself, are safe.

Two years ago, claiming relationship with the old Alouite family of Morocco, Abd el Krim had himself proclaimed Sultan —"the first real Sultan of Morocco since Abdul Aziz, before the coming of the French."

"What," I inquired, "are the natural frontiers of Your Majesty's state?"

"It is war," he answered, "which will decide. All great countries were small to begin with—Britain, France, America; Rome, Greece, Carthage."

The Riffain army is equipped wholly with material captured from the Spanish. There are many cannon and machine-guns, but these are not much utilized. The cannon are placed along the coast against possible debarkation. The machine-guns are looked upon by the natives, who are all crack shots, as mere wasters of ammunition. The Riffain army, consequently, consists merely of light infantry—that is to say, of natives loosely organized in bands of twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, two hundred, and eight hundred, armed with Spanish rifles or carbines, well supplied with Spanish cartridges, and dressed in native costume—the brown homespun djellaba or cloak, whose hood, thrown back, serves as a knapsack. Their legs are bare, their feet are bare or shod with straw sandals, their heads are bare or turbaned.

All adult males are soldiers, but, except in unusual circumstances, only half the men are away on service at any one time. After three or four weeks these contingents go home, and their places are taken by the other half. The organization is good, and discipline strict. A quaint Riffain drill and manual of arms has been instituted recently, and is the delight of the young men, who practice it for pleasure, evenings, as they might a dance. Dancing, I should add, and music have been forbidden in the Riff "for the duration of the war," in order that none shall forget the earnestness of the long struggle for independence.

The war, so-called, consists largely, so far as the Riffains are concerned, in surrounding and starving out isolated posts, sniping at Spanish towns, camps, and columns, and harassing troop-movements of every description. The Spaniards keep mainly to the valleys, the natives to the hills. The Spanish losses are heavy, the native losses slight.

The Spanish have a very active aviation, which continually bombs Riffain camps and villages, but its moral and material effects are less great than might be imagined, for whenever an airplane is signalled, the natives—men, women, and children—simply go into their dugouts and wait until it has gone away. Such houses as are destroyed are rebuilt next day, and as for furniture, there is none to speak of. Several airplanes have been brought down by rifle fire.

Personally, Abd el Krim is less a man of action than a thinker and organizer. He moves aloof and in mystery, as behooves an Oriental despot, posing as the father and benefactor of his people, but showing himself little. Due precautions against attempts at assassination are taken, and perhaps also he feels that to be seldom seen enhances his prestige.

This prestige is based partly on his victories, partly on his organizing capacities, but most of all on his modernism. "The Koran," he explains, "says that there shall be only one Sultan"—that is, demands a despotism—"but it does not forbid modernization."

The Riffains have therefore taken up all the old Spanish field-telephone wires and installed six or seven main lines connecting the military frontiers with the capital. They are like children with a new toy. They telephone interminably. Their telephonists sit at tables, like Europeans, and keep a record in a book, like Europeans! The Sultan has two motor-cars! He is building a road straight across the country! He has a motor-boat, in which he goes along the coast at night, under the very noses of the Spanish! All these things are the talk of the tents and villages throughout North Africa. The pregnant deduction is made that modern progress does not, after all, depend upon Europeans.

"When you come back after the war," I was told in Ajdir,

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"it will not be like this. You will see a fine, modern city, with a harbor and tramways and handsome buildings—like Paris or London. And the Sultan will give you a house and a horse and a wife, and you may come here for your annual holidays, to enjoy our climate."

Touching illusions? Perhaps. But powerful illusions! Who shall say what part in the development of any state is due to actual material strength, and what part to illusion, or how these two elements are to be separated? We shall hear more of the Riff and of its able Sultan.

British Imperialism in China

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S article reprinted from the *New Leader* (London) in *The Nation* of November 5 has aroused considerable comment. The following letter of Sir Charles Stewart Addis to the *Morning Post* (London) of October 9 was sent us by the British Library of Information (New York) which considers Mr. Russell's article a "serious attack on the government of Hongkong."

SIR: I do not propose here to discuss the spirit animating Mr. Bertrand Russell's article on British Imperialism in China, in the *New Leader*, of September 19. My purpose is rather to test, by an examination of the facts on which he relies, the competence of Mr. Russell to pass judgment on the objects and methods of British policy in the Far East. . . .

Sun Yat-sen is an idealist who pays too little attention to facts, and his idealism has been responsible for much bloodshed and misery. His attempts to enforce on the neighboring province of Kuangsi, for instance, a government in accordance with his ideas have been bitterly resented by its inhabitants, and have led to the most complete disorder. Many of the Cantonese strongly desire his overthrow, and, to maintain himself in power, he has to depend largely on the support of mercenaries from Hunan and other provinces, who have not the slightest interest in the principles at stake, and have to be allowed, as the price of their loyalty to Sun, to prey on the Cantonese. It may be noted that, whatever may be Sun's ideas with regard to opium and gambling, he has not been able to suppress the opium trade in Canton, and that the profits from gambling houses are one of the perquisites of his mercenaries. . . .

It is not correct to say that the British in Hongkong regard Sun with enmity, or to accuse them of carrying on propaganda against him or of fomenting rebellion. Sun has before now been a refugee in Hongkong, and it is felt that his intrigues there among the Chinese show ingratitude, but there is no such thing as enmity against him.

The reference to slavery is misleading. The so-called slave girls, known as Mui Tsai, are bought, when young, from poor peasants. They are almost invariably kindly treated, and, when grown up, are discharged with a dowry to enable them to marry suitably. . . . Their lot compares favorably with that of children employed in Chinese factories.

The Cassel Agreement of 1921 was negotiated by a group of British and Chinese capitalists with the government then in power at Canton, on whom no pressure was brought to assent to it. In point of fact, it was not favored by British officials in China. In accordance with the terms of the concession, a large number of collieries were to be handed over to the company which was to be formed, and the company were to be allowed to construct any railways they found necessary in connection with their work. There was no idea of handing over to them the existing railways in Kuangtung, or of establishing a railway monopoly there. The concession provided that the Chinese shareholders should be strongly represented on the directorate, and that $2,000,000 worth of shares should be allotted without payment to the Canton Government, the dividends to be used for educational and other purposes beneficial to the inhabitants of Kuangtung. Shortly afterwards, however, the Canton Government was overthrown by Sun, who insisted on such drastic modification of the terms of the concession as would, if accepted, have rendered it valueless to the concessionnaires. Protracted negotiations ensued, but, as there was no hope of obtaining better terms, they were dropped. The suggestion that the failure of these negotiations was the cause of British enmity toward Sun Yat-sen is entirely baseless. In fact, though difficulties have arisen from time to time, the colony of Hongkong has been remarkably successful in maintaining good neighborly relations with the present Canton authorities.

The great shipping strike was to a great extent due to the uncompromising attitude of the three shipping companies (two British and one Chinese), which refused to meet the seamen's representatives. Sun interfered in a most unwarrantable fashion, and his agents in Hongkong stirred up a general strike, which the Chinese, for the most part through intimidation, were induced to join. Eventually the shipping strike was settled through the good offices of the British Consul General at Canton, who was *persona grata* with both sides to it.

The so-called Fascist militia, a most misleading description, is an organization of volunteer units formed by the merchants and chambers of commerce, on much the same lines as similar organizations in other parts of China, and with the same purpose, namely, to provide a means of protection against pirates and bandits, the other preoccupations of the Canton Government not allowing them to deal effectively with this problem. The movement grew very rapidly, and alarmed Sun, who was perfectly aware of the very widespread dissatisfaction with his regime, and feared lest the volunteers might eventually ally themselves with Ch'en Chiung-ming and make an effort to supersede his Government. This was the cause of the confiscation of the arms which arrived for the volunteers on the Norwegian ship Hav. Ch'en is an alliance with the Peking Government, and his advent to power would mean the end of the independent Canton Government. The Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and their manager at Canton are not connected with the volunteer movement. Indeed, it would be most unwise for a foreign commercial institution to meddle in Chinese politics. It appears, however, that their Canton compradore, a Chinese intermediary in the bank's native business, was involved, but purely in a private capacity, as were many other prominent Chinese.

Canton cannot be described as being divided into a foreign and a native quarter. At one end of the city, however, or rather of the suburbs, there is a small artificial island known as Shameen, which has been set apart for foreign residence, and is divided into two concessions, British and French. This island was built up on a sandbank in 1858, so as to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of the Chinese by using part of Canton for this purpose. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow creek, which is spanned by two bridges, kept locked at night. There have always been a certain number of restrictions on the use of the island by Chinese, and it is unfortunate that the municipal council of the British concession rather unwisely imposed certain further restrictions. These were not proposed by the British Consul General, who would have been well advised to veto them.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that Sun has the support of all public-spirited Chinese, though his undoubted sincerity and his resolution command their respect. Not only in his own province has he many opponents, but in the northern provinces there is very little sentiment in favor of him.

Feng Yu-hsiang is not the "pet of the British and Americans in China." He is well known, outside missionary circles, to be overbearing and anti-foreign, but it must be conceded that his troops are well trained and well disciplined, and, further, in pleasing contrast to the troops of some other generals, well conducted.

With regard to Wei-hai-wei, Mr. Russell is again at fault. It is surprising that he should say that Mr. Balfour promised at the Washington Conference that it should be restored to China "at once." A reference to the White Paper (Miscellane-

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ous No. 1, 1922) would have shown him that what Mr. Balfour said was that Great Britain proposed to hand this leased territory back to China under "suitable conditions" similar to those under which Japan had handed back her leased territory in the province of Shantung, and that he invited the Chinese Government to enter into consultation with the British Government for the adjustment of these "suitable conditions." The invitation was accepted, and the protracted negotiations that followed resulted in a deadlock. It is a mistake to assert, as Mr. Russell does, that the Labor Government have never heard of this question, or that they have failed to take it up again, let us hope with better prospects of success than their predecessors.

The conclusion would appear to be that Mr. Russell has been betrayed into distorting the facts in order to suit his preconceived theories of what British policy in China ought to be.

Family Relations in Soviet Russia

DETAILS of the code of laws regulating marriage, family relations, and guardianship adopted by the Commissariat of Justice and submitted for confirmation to the Council of People's Commissars of the RSFSR are given in the Moscow *Izvestia* of December 21, 1924.

According to the code the marriage age for women is fixed at 16 years and for men at 18 years. It is forbidden to register a marriage between persons either of whom has been recognized as imbecile or is suffering from a psychic disease, between relatives on the direct ascending or descending line, between brothers and sisters.

Married people may have a common family name if they so declare at the time of registration. Otherwise they retain their own family names as before marriage.

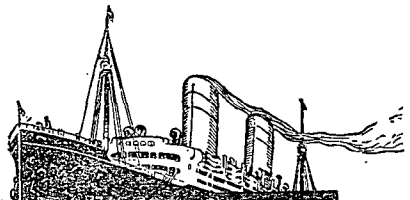
When a marriage is registered between a citizen of the RSFSR and a citizen of a foreign country, both retain their citizenship. Property acquired by husband and wife during marriage (also in case of unregistered marriage) belongs to both on the basis of common ownership. If either of the parties to a marriage is in need or disabled he has a right to claim support from the other if the latter is in a position to render the support.

For the sake of protecting the interests of mother and child a pregnant woman is given the right to register the name of the father in the local department of registration, which notifies the father. If the latter does not enter any objections in the course of two weeks he is recognized as the father of the child. In cases where it has been established by the court that other men, besides the one pointed out by the woman, have had intimate relations with her the court makes them liable as co-defendants.

The rights of parents are exercised exclusively in the interests of the children, and wherever these rights are exercised not in conformity with the principle of the law the court may deprive the parents of their rights.

All measures in regard to the children are taken with the consent of both parents. In cases of disagreement the disputed question is settled by the state organs of guardianship, with the participation of the parents. The parents have the right to send the children to institutions for their bringing up and education. But they have no right to enter into a contract for the employment of their children without the consent of the children themselves. The duty to maintain the children is equally shared by both parents; however, the share of each of the parents in the maintenance is determined by their respective material conditions. In cases when parents are not fulfilling their duties toward the children or when they exercise their rights against the principles of the law, as well as in cases of cruel treatment of children the court takes the children away from the parents and hands them over to proper guardians. On the other hand it is the duty of children to provide for their disabled and needy parents. Persons in need who cannot procure assistance from their parents, children, husbands, or wives should be supported by their relatives on the direct ascending or descending line and by brothers and sisters.

Adoption is permitted only when it is in the interests of the children. If there are parents or if the child is under guardianship the consent of the parents or of the guardian must be secured. The adoption of minors older than ten years is not permitted without their own consent.



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